CAUGHT IN THE WRINGER
Intro
Voice
CHOS
PASSANTINO BRANDS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

CAUGHT IN THE WRINGER

Buxom Josephine, bought a washing machine,
'Cose she was told it was the easy way,
But fate was mean, to little Josephine,
For when she leaned over the other day :

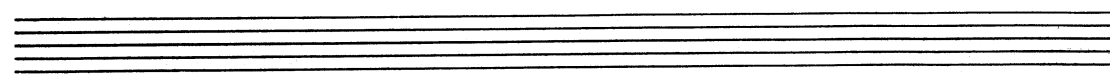
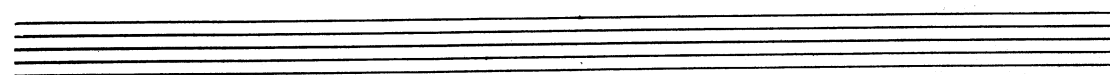
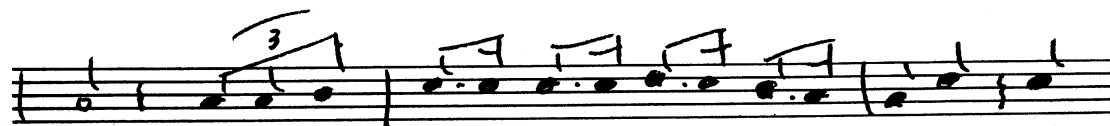
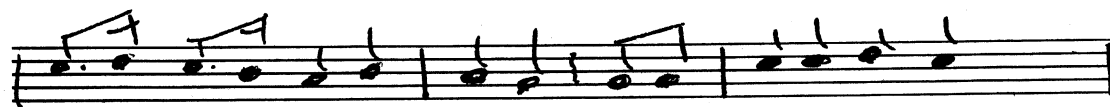
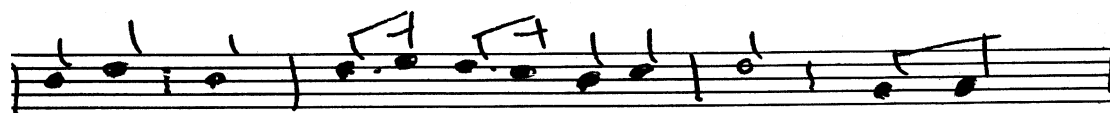
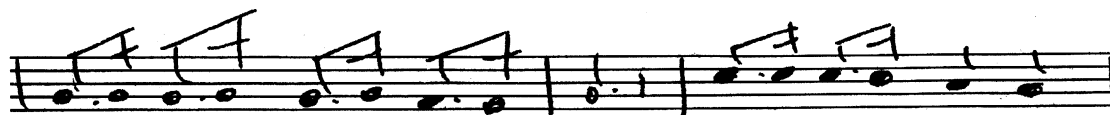
Choruses

She got THEM caught in the wringer
The finest PAIR in town
She cied & Cried, she almost died,
She could'nt pull the darn things out no matter she tried.
She got them caught in the wringer
It was a terrible sight,
They were the finest sh owned, It's no wonder she groaned,
How can she show them off at night!

She got THEM cautht in the wringer,
It roused the whole neighborhood,
Each one in sight, tried withe all their might,
To extricate the lady from her terrible plight,
She got them caught in the wringer
Help! Help! the poor girl did shout,
They called Senator O'Toole, because he had a pull,
He tried but he could'nt get them out.

(Yes, poor kid)

She got them caught in the wringer ,
It was painfull to be hold,
They did their most, to find ways & means,
And just as they were giving up iIN WALKED TWO MARINES
*They pulled---- them out of the wringer,
How they did Gawd only knows,
It's no wonder that she raved, he was happy that she'd saved,
A LOVELY PAIR.... OF NYLON HOSE!

DON'T GIVE ME A GOOSE FOR XMAS
Intro
Voice
3
3
3
TALK

DON'T GIVE ME A GOOSE

Oh, please don't give me a goose for christmas, Grandma,
A goose would make me nervous as the duece
I'm, so, very tender Grandma,
I'm so very touchy, what's the use!
I was brought up on a such farm, Grandma,
Where the ducks go "Quack, quack, quack!
But if you do give me a goose fur Xmas Grandma,
I never again will turn my back,
So, give me two tickets for the Follies,
Or, a pussy like Aunt Mollies,
But PLEASE...don't give me a goose, Cos I can't take it (Yell and jump forward)

OH, PLEASE! DON'T GIVE ME A GOOSE.

POEM: GOOSEY BILL (Sad music: HEARTS & FLOWERS VERY SOFT)

We buried our old pal Bill to day,
Our companion of pipe & bowl,
We've been on many a drunk together
Damn his good old soul.

But I always had Bill bested,
In the art of drinking booze,
But the guy that could beat bill... Jazzing,
Never walked in a pair of shoes.

But it was'nt jazz that killed poor Bill
Nor booze that took away his breath,
But a fly ... crawled up Bill's rectum,
AND TICKLED POOR BILL TO DEATH!

p*************************

Intro
IN HOLLYWOOD
Voice
3
CHO 5
PASSANTINO BRANDS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE IT IN HOLLYWOOD

VERSE

I just returned a week ago from hollywood
And gee ! it's great to be back because
No matter how much you like the movie game
It's not the same-
You miss the applause
No matter how big you are -no matter how small,
Out there on the coast, I'll tell you the most
Important things of them all.

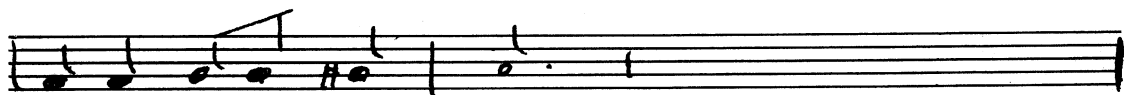
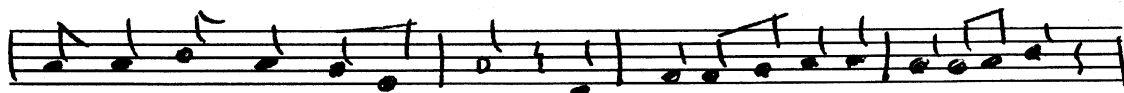
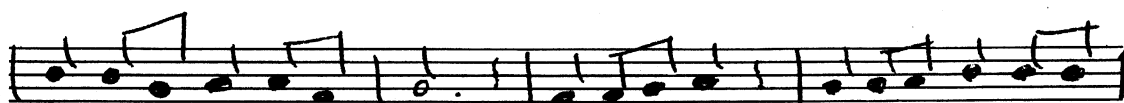
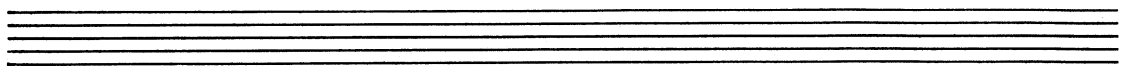
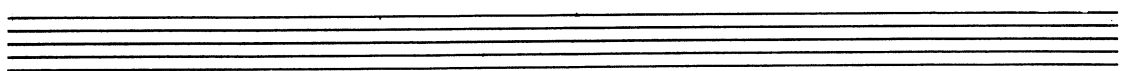
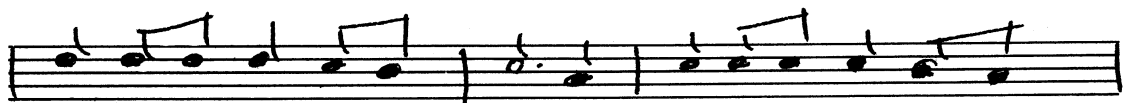
CHORUSES

You've gotta have ITin Hollywood
IT is a wonderful thing
You've gotta have IT in Hollywood
If you wanna stay in the ring.
All the annimals have it, Lassie's never alone,
All the dogs in Hollywood follow Lassie home,
Crawford has IT-Grable has IT-that's why they're sublime,
Margerite O'Brien found out she had it all the time,
You MUST have IT in Hollywood
IT is a wonderful thing.

You gotta have IT in Hollywood,
It is a wonderful thing,
You gotta have IT in Hollywood,
If you wanna stay in the ring,
Jimmy Durante has IT, they say it's in his nose
And if he has it somewhere else, now where do you suppose?
Dotty Lamour has IT. Now there is no doubt,
She's got IT where the consor's can't cut it out,
You MUST have IT in Hollywood,
IT is a wonderful thing,

Yes, you gotta have IT in Flim-land,
Or you can't do a gosh darn thing,
You gotta have it in Flim-land
If you want the bell to ring,
Lana Turner had IT- it was all in a bunch
But she lost it when Turhan Bey took her out to lunch
Roy Rogers has it, we all know of course,
It's not on Roy at all, It's on"Trigger" his horse,
You must have IT in Hollywood
IT is a wonderful thing.

Extra catch line.
Frank Sinatra has It, his crooning really thrills
If you wanna know where he gets it -It's from those Vitamin Pills,
You must have it in Hollywood, It is a wonderful thing.

NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

HE CAME IN HIS BEST SUNNY SUIT

Verse

Now Johnny was a kid, like all other kids,
The girls put his head in a whirl,
He liked to tease and play around,
With each little & Pearl
He had a suit, oh boy! what a suit,
That was given to him by a fiend,
It fitted so tight it just was'nt right,
When he'd bend it would kink in the end.
But still, for his first affair,
That suit he wanted to wear.

CHORUSES

Folks all wondered why, he was so very shy,
It was all on account of that day
His girl asked him over to play,
AND HE CAME*IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

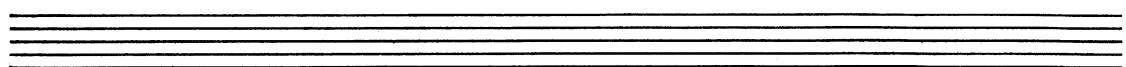
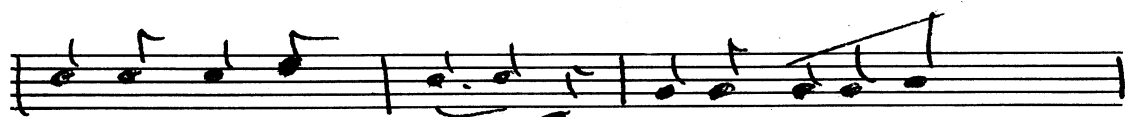
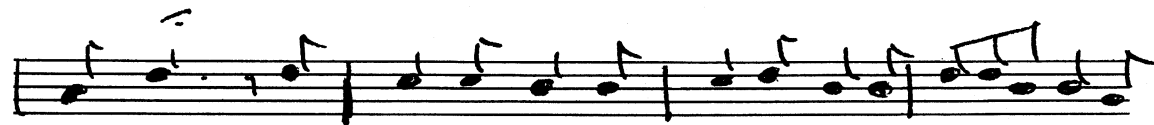
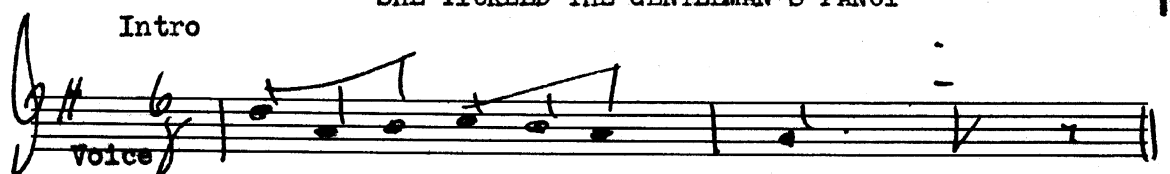
Got so excited, the spark was ignighted
He hardly could wait for the chance,
He felt he had ants in his pants,
SO he CAME IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

When he rang the bell, the feeling was swell
And he blushed to the roots of his hair,
'Cos he was the only one one there
WHO CAME*IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

She took off his hat, on a couch they sat,
For no rhyme or reason at all
They fell on the floor in the hall,
AND HE CAME-IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

She ruffled his hair, what a beautiful pair
And both were quite happy & gay
He's quite satisfied to this day,
THAT HE CAME*IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

He did'nt look very well, his clothes shot to....pieces,
But too late, the damage was done,
It surely was barrels of fun
TO COME-IN HIS BEST SUNDAY SUIT.

SHE TICKLED THE GENTLEMAN'S FANCY
Intro
Voice
CHOS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo
PASSANTINO BRANDS

SHE TICKLED ~~THE~~ GENTLEMAN'S ~~FANCY~~

Spoken: Ladies and Gentlemen -- Here's a little ditty about a little lass
Who devoted much of her time spreading mirth and laughter-I hope
you like it.

Verse
Belinda Blair sold underwear and worked for Mr Macey,
One day and gentlemen came in and asked for something lacey,
She knew from looking at him that he must be a millionaire
So when he sared at her and smiled, She gave him stare for stare.

Chos
And she tickled the gentleman's fancy like it had never been tickled before
He asked to see her lingerie, that tickled his fancy more,
He took her to his pent house, anf filled her full of gin
And there she tickled his fancy--Well, she tickled him under the chin.

Verse
He opened up her eyes to things, and when he finally kissed her,
He told her things she'd never knowed, and he hoped she had a sister,
His manner was so charming, he had lovely hair,
She always knew that she'd be glad, she showed him her underwear.

Chorus

For, she, tickled the gentleman's fancy, like it had never been tickled before
And every day in some new way, he tickled her fancy more,
He bought her pearls and diamond rings, and a coat of Russian mink,
He always tickled her fancy well, the gentleman tickled her pink.

Chorus

For, they, tickled each others fancy, whenever it suited their whim,
They fiddled around, he tickled her (girlish laugh) and then she tickled him (Mannish laugh)
Oh, they both would scream with laughter, until they were out of breath,
They tickled each other fancy, until they were tickled to death.

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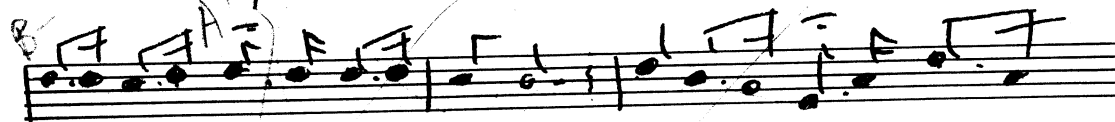
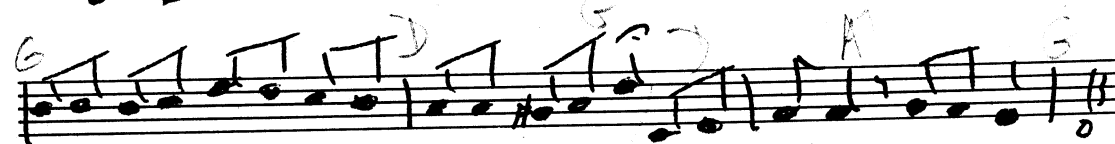
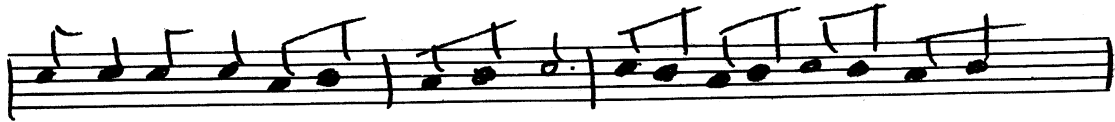
TWIN BEDS

PASSANTINO BRANDS NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

TWIN BEDS NEVER GOT MADE

Verse

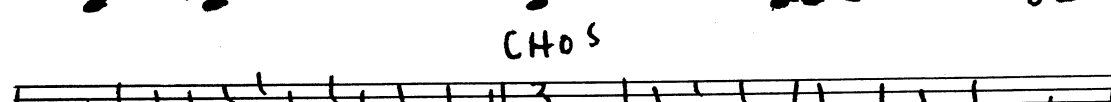
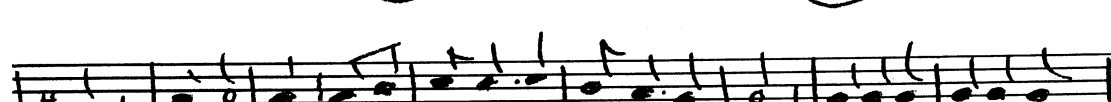
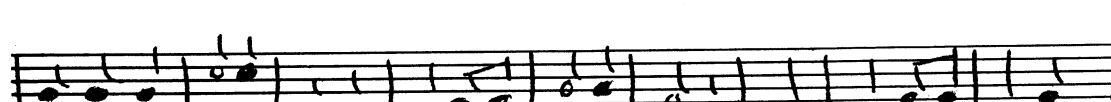
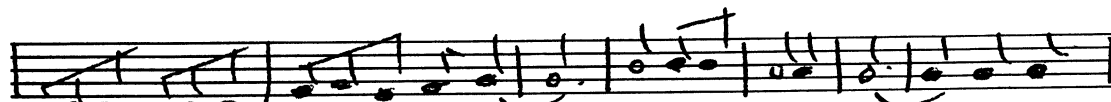
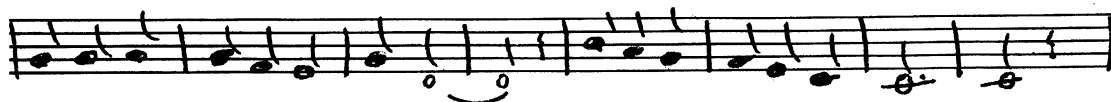
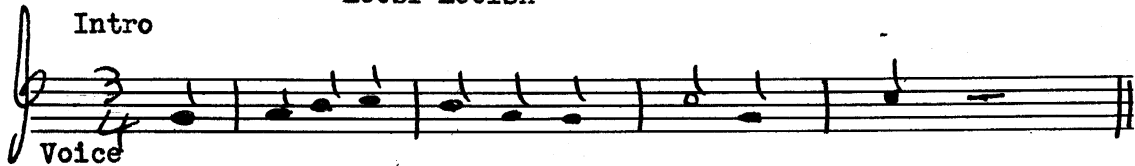
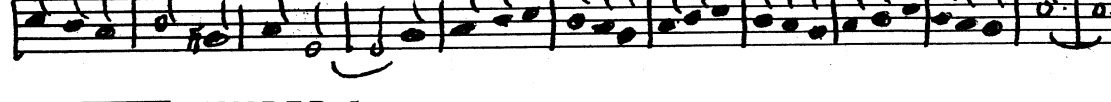
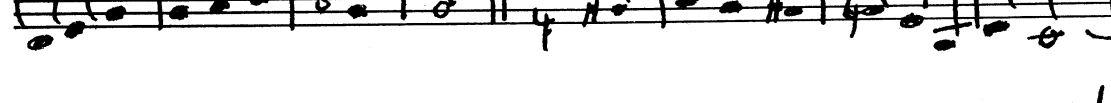
Mister and Mrs Truly Wed
Bought a little house and moved right in
Doubtless because they were Newly-weds
Something always interfered when they'd begin
To make the place cozy & clean
Here's the sort of thing I mean:

CHORUSES
The cuttains did'nt get hung
The curtains did'nt get hung -
She stood on top the ladder reaching high up into space
But his eyes were not on curtains, tho' the two were made of lace,
"You'd better take them down" he said, a smile upon his face,
So the curtains did'nt get hung.

And the dinner did'nt get cooked,
No, the dinner did'nt get cooked,
When he came home and smelt the food, of course he had to snoop
She was working in the kitchen opening up a can of soup
He saw her little "CAN" and lost his appetite for soup,
So the dinner did'nt get cooked.

And the carpet did'nt get laid,
No, the carpet did'nt get laid
She struggled with the rug and did'nt know what to do
She looked so pretty kneeling, it thrilled him thru' and Thru'
He said "You can't do that alone, it's "hard" enough for two,
So the carpet did'nt get daid (I said, the carpet)

Now the washing never got done
No, the washing never got done,
Her Bendix would'nt start, when she was ready to begin
"Let me show you how it works" he told her with a grin
The thing ran like a charm as soon as he had "plugged it in"
But the washing never got done.

Now, the Twin beds never got made
No, the twin beds never got made,
All the thru' the week they spent each night in just one little bed
But by Sunday, Mrs Newly wed, felt very nearly dead
And HE was so knocked out he could scarcely "raise his head"
So the twin beds never got made.
Finish
So don't be like the Truly-Weds, if you are newly wed
After moving in your little home be sensible instead
Remember all the moving is'nt always done in bed
So take it easy, that's my advice,
You'll last much longer-------
You're married for a long, long, time.

LOUSY LOUISA
Intro
Voice
CHOS
PASSANTINO BRANDS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

STORY SONG* LOUSY LOUSIA

Verse

Cruel are the ways of the city,
Crasls are the cries of the crowd,
So I beseech you have pity,
Hold up your head not too proud.
Poor little Lousy Lousia,
Was a girl who spent her time,
But she spent it in a Women's Penitentiary
Charged with an ancient crime.
Her attorney fought long to save her,
And the tears rolled down his cheeks,
When the mean old Jury gave her,
A vacation for thirty weeks,
He turned to the Judge with a final plea,
And said your Honor can't you see,
This may have happendd to you or to me,
Had we a horror in our family,

Chorus

For she had her mother to guide her,
Into the ways of sin-
Her mother was always beside her,
Reeking and shrieking in Gin.
So blame not poor Lousy Louisa,
Give her your pity instead
For her mother is now bed-ridden
While little Lousia, Yes, little Louisa,
IS NURSING A BABY INSTEAD.

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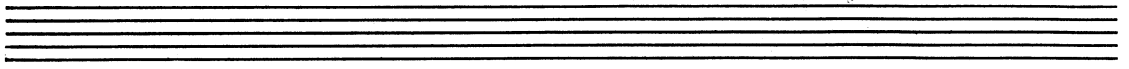
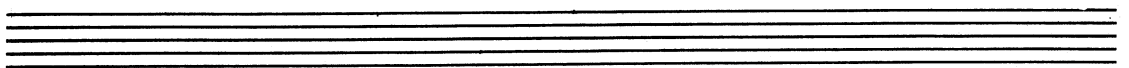
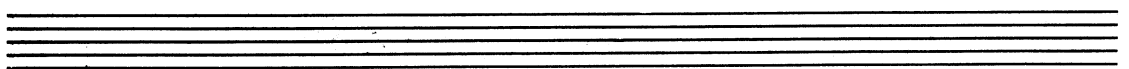
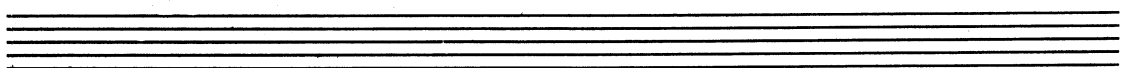
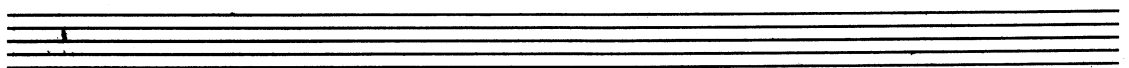
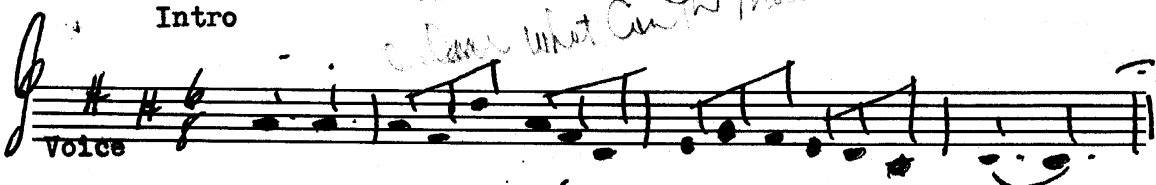

OLD LADIES
Intro
Voice
CHOS

7 OLD LADIES

Talk: Ladies and Gentlemen: I'd like to tell you the story about the Seven Old Ladies who were locked in the Lavatory. (to pianist: THANK YOU!)

Sing

The FIRST old lady was Ethel Royd Porter
And she was the Bishop of Chicherster's daughter
She want to relieve a slight pressure of water
And nobody knew she was there.

ChorUS may be sung after each verse inviting the audience to join in)

CHORUS

Oh, dear, what can the matter be
Seven olf ladies were locked in the lavatory
They, were there, from Monday till Saturday
Nobody knew they were there.

VERSES

The second old lady was Clementine Adder
Who thought that she knew all the quirks of the bladder
But when she got there she was wiser but sadder
And nobody knew she was there.

The THIRD old lady was Evaline Yancy
Who felt something there was tickling her fancy
But when she got there 't was ants in her pantsy
And nobody knew she was there.

The FOURTH old lady was Nellie Q Pickle
Who was afflicted with reflexes fickle,
She hurdled the door when she lost her nickle
And nobody knew she was there.

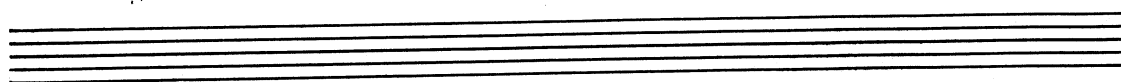
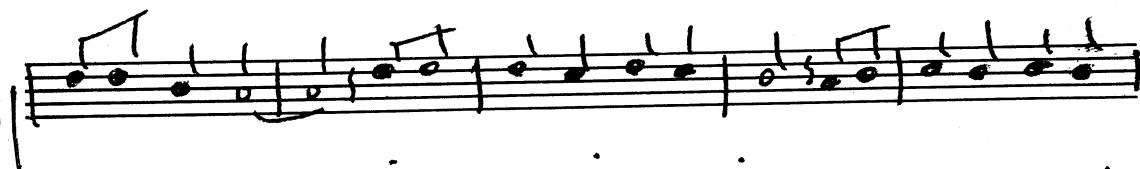
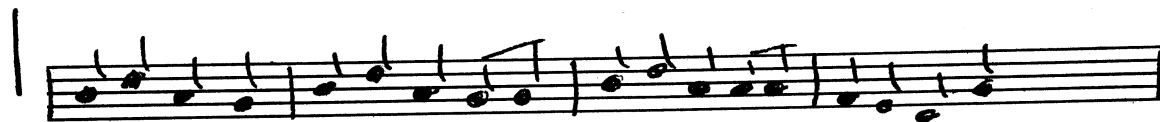
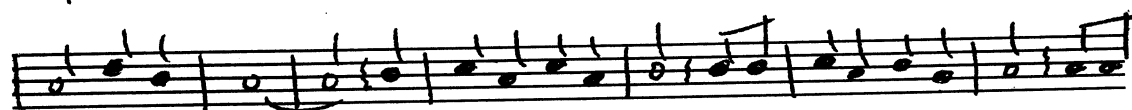
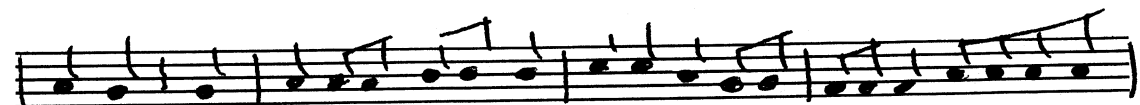
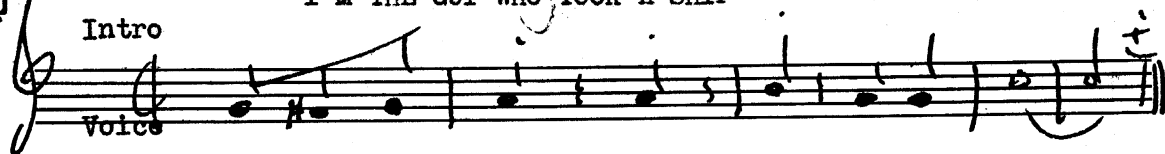
The Fifthe old lady was Louise M. Humpfrey
When she sat down she could not let her bung free
She said "Never mind, I am perfectly comfy,
And nobody knew she was there.

The Sixth old lady was Branda Duff Frazier
She had been drinking beer afer beer
And came to repair a broken brazziere,
And nobody knew she was there.

The SEVENTH old lady was Mary L. Spender
Who wentto repair a broken suspender
That hed snapped up and injured her femine gender
And nobody knew she was there.

The janitor came on Saturday mornin'
And opened the door without any warnin'
To find all the seats, the ladies adorning;
CAUSE NOBODY KNEW THEY WERE THERE.

****

I'M THE GUY WHO TOOK A SHIP
Intro
Voice
CHOS
ILL ALL-WAYS TAKE-A-SHIP-FOR MY-SELF.
PASSANTINO BRANDS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

I'M THE GUY WHO TOOK A SHIP ETC

Verse

Have you heard the story of the three young men
Who went out on a hike one Sunday?
Now, two went by train the other took a boat
And they told him that he'd get there Monday,
Well, I was the fellow who took the boat
While the other boys kidded me & got my goat
But after what happened that day,
I'm glad I went MY way.

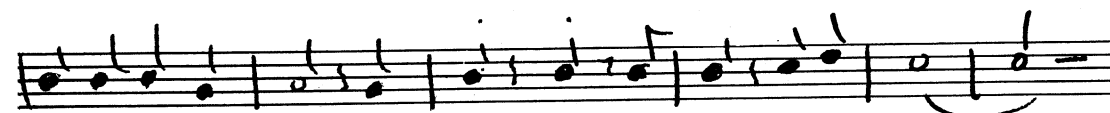
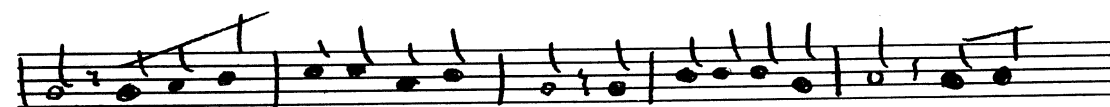
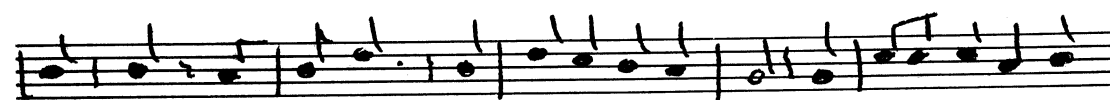
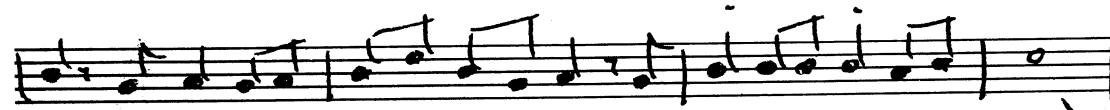
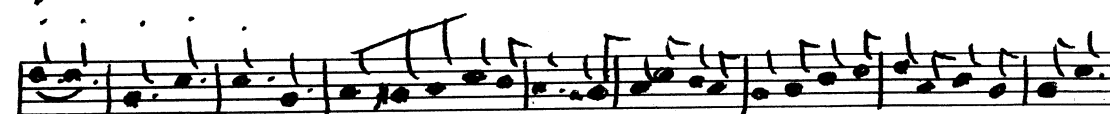
Chorus

I'm the guy who took a ship for himself
I'm tickled to death that I took a ship for myself
My friends all stood & laughed, when they saw me take a craft,
But the train THEY took was in a wreck,
Now they're both laid up with a broken neck,
That's why I'm glad I took a little canoe
I alone was the Captain, Steward and crew-
Now I want the world the know, that no matter where I go,
I'll always take a ship-for myself.

Chorus

I'm the guy who took a ship for himself,
I'm tickled to death that I took a ship for myself
So don't you ever laugh, when a fellow take a craft,
For a little cruise on the deep blue sea,
Brings you vigour & vitality,
That's why I'm glad I took a little canoe-
I alone was the Captain, Steward and crew-
Now I want the world to know, that no matter where I go,
I always take-a-ship for myself.

****

GO TAKE A SHIP
Intro
Voice
CHOS
FIN - LIVELY -
PASSANTINO BRANDS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

TAKE A SHIP FOR YOURSELF

Verse

Every time we take a trip you always get my goat
I like trains and buses, You like a ferry boat
Well, the next time we go travelling ships are out, and I declare
You go your way, I'll go mine, I'll meet you over there.

Chorus

You, take, a ship for yourself
I'll go by train by myself-
If you can't fly in planes, ride in buses or in trains,
Then go take-a ship for yourself
Take a battleship, and excursion ship, any old ship will do
And if you can take a big ship, then take a small canoe,
Bon Voyage to you my friend, I'll meet you at the journey's end
If you like briny sea's-rolling waves and ocean breeze
Then go! take! a ship for yourself.

Finish (livelytempo)

Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main
Maybe that gives you Pleasure, but it give me an awful pain
Sailing, sailing, is'nt it lovely weather,
Perhaps I'll change my mind and we'LL both take a ship together

****

NOBODY HAD ANY BALLS
Intro
Voice

THE TENNIS MATCH

Spoken: Speaking of Sports, I mean, Out-door Sports, no doubt many of you have played the game known as "Tennis" for the benefit of those who haven't, I'd like to say "Tennis is just a "racket". Tennis professionals are usually satisfied with "Net" profits -- As many of you know, Tennis is a game that is played with a racket and Soft Balls!

Sing:
A tennis game at Forrest Hills (Or name local Club)
Was ready to begin--
The nervous players faced the court
And wondered who would win
A crowd of eager Tennis fans
Were packed into the stalls
When suddenly someone discovered
That nobody had any balls!

Spoken: Then suddenly a "Pansy" spoke up (Nance voice)
I have Two-but heaven only knows what they are for".

Sing:
A futile frantic search began
They searched the rooms and halls
They looked in closets and in drawers
But nobody had any balls
They went among the audience
And asked the guys and dolls
But none had any they could spare
Nobody had any balls.

Spoken:
A hundred and 50 physicians were there
Fifty or sixty Opticians were there
Paul Whiteman and his muscians were there
But nobody had any balls
Seventy or eighty tailors were there
And fifty nine British sailors were there
And seventy-eight San Quentin jailors were there
But nobody-had-any-balls!

Sing:
The impatient crowd let out a roar
That echoed through the walls
What seems to be holding up the game?
And somebody shouted "Balls"!
And so they had to call the game
They could'nt get started on time
So the moral of the story is:

Spoken: hell! there IS no moral.

SHOTIN HER BOX
Intro
Voice
CHOS
FIN
PASSANTINO BRANDS
NUMBER 5
12 Stave Octavo

SHOT IN HER BOX

TALK: Ladies and Gentlemen: I have a little number here, I think you'll enjoy. It's not too fast, not too slow, just a half ass little ditty, in which we discuss the Chorus girls -- not as an individual, but a WHOLE! This is a little story about a girl who danced very well with her right leg, with her left leg she was'nt so good. But, betweem the two, she made a hell of a good living. Our scene is laid at the Metropolitan Opera House. And this story had a moral proving that crime does'nt pay ----in the end.

Verse
There's been a murder at the Met. Yes, a murder at the Met.
Society has kicked over all it's traces.
Put so many on the spot, there's a famous lady shot,
In the most peculiar, of peculiar places.

Chorus
She was, in her box, at the Opera,
Here's a story, oh, sad to impart
It's of dear Lady Heffington, Sweet Lady Heffington,
Patron of music and art,
Gay Lady Heffington, Sweet Lady Heffington,
The beauty with big golden locks
She's been brutally shot, in a vulnerable spot;
She was shot...in her box....at the Opera.

Chorus
She was shot - in her box - at the Opera,
The most out-standing box, at the Met.
And if gossips guessed rightly, she used the thing nightly,
For reasons one ought to forget.
But not Lady Heffington, Dear Lady Heffington,
She enterained MEN, like a fox,
Men found recreation, and sound relaxation,
In Dear Lady Heffington's box.

Chorus
She was shot- in her box - at the Opera
And oh, what a pitiful sight,
There were 6 different views, on the front of the news
When the papers came out, last night,
But dear Lady Heffington, Gay Lady Heffington,
Tho loaded with diamonds and rocks,
The papers just read "Lady Heffie is dead"
She was shot- in her box - at the Opera.

Finish: It was awfully well meant, She passed out content
As if by request, they laid her--- to rest,
She was shot- in her box - at the Opera.

****

K-Eb

Last Night On The Back Porch.
(Extra Choruses)

He loved her in New Jersey where the skeeters come from
He loved her out in Flatbush and you know that's going some
He loved her in Hoboken and she raved to visit Cork
But last night out on the old back porch, he showed her old New York.

He loved her on Xmas and he sent her a watch
He loved her on New Year's and he sent a quart of Scotch
He loved her for her birthday, sent a lavalier and chain
But last night out on the old back porch he took them back again.

2 X He loved her at the ~~drama~~ movie balcony and it was very swell
He loved her in the ~~movies~~ that's the place ~~they~~ where all love well
He loved her at the ~~Follis~~ but they got a lot of shocks
So last night out on ~~the~~ office lounge old back porch he played her music box.

X He loved her in Spanish and he loved her in French
He loved her in Russian and he rushed her to a Bench.
He loved her in the Chinese which is mighty hard to speak
But last night out on the old back porch he ~~found~~ taught her ~~with~~ a little Greek.

He loved her in the day school and he loved her at night
He loved her in the pay school in the free school her loved right
He loved her in the High School, she was happy as could be
So last night out on the old back porch he took her last degree.

3 X He loved her in the evening 'neath the dreamy summer light
He loved her and he hugged her on a chilly winter's night
He loved her in a blizzard and that ain't no bluff or if
But last night out on the old back porch his love was frozen stiff

He loved her in the garden until three in the morn
He loved her in the garden until way after dawn
He loved her with a feeling and he felt his mind he'd lose
But last night out on the old back porch he felt her old man's shoes.

He loved her with a fervour that was filled with desire
He loved her with a passion that would set this world on fire.
X He loved her with a wilder love than that
He loved her, yes, he loved her with a wilder love than that
He loved her, yes, he loved her with a wilder love than that
So last night out on the old back porch she made Let him hold the cat (poor pussy)

I loved her on the skylight and I loved her in the sun
I loved her in the twilight and she cried: "Ain't we got fun?"
I loved her how I loved her where the moonlight shodows fall
But last night by the gas light I loved her best of all.

I loved her with a passion like a Ro-me-o, Gee.
I loved her with a feeling I could climb her baloony.
I loved her from a tree top, but I fell down with a sprawl
So last night on the old back porch I couldn't lover her at all

4 I loved her in a saddle as she rode on her horse
I loved her on the gallop but the horse did that of course
I loved her in the stable, tell the truth, that's just a stall
But last night I was able to love her best of all

LAST NIGHT ON THE BACK PORCH.

Verse.
There's a girl I'm wild about - ev-ry time I take her out.
I hug her - I squeeze her - I tease her so
And we always can be found - where there's no one else around
Do we cuddle, do we pet? You ain't heard nothin' yet!

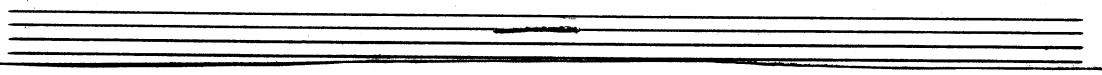
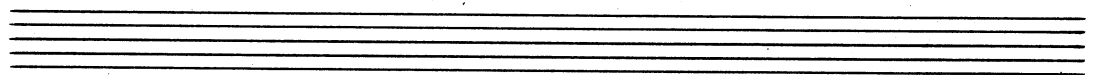
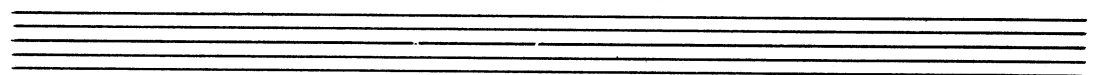
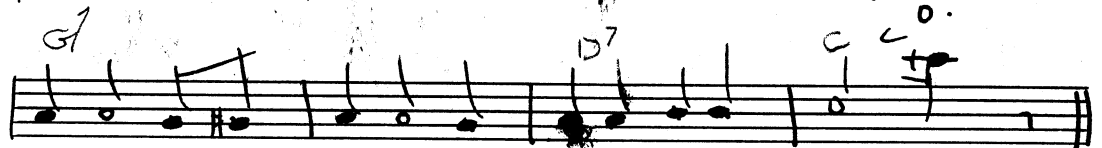
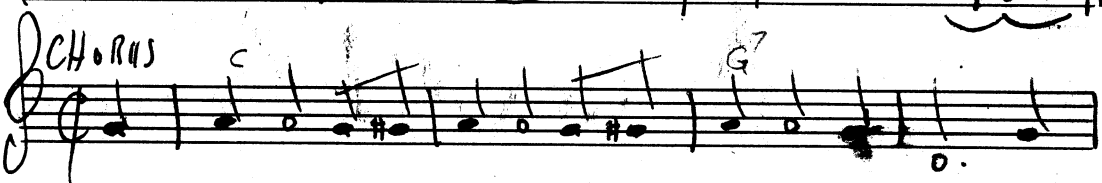
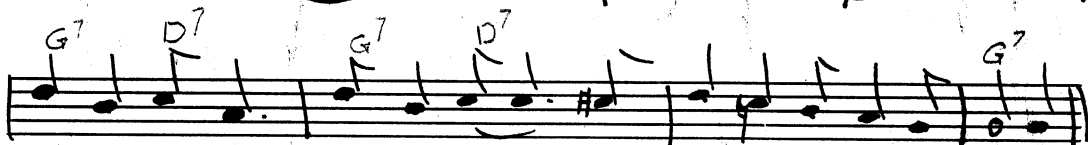
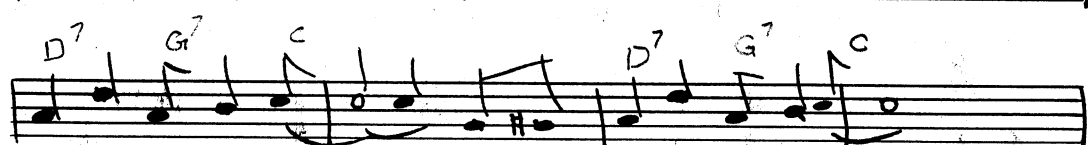
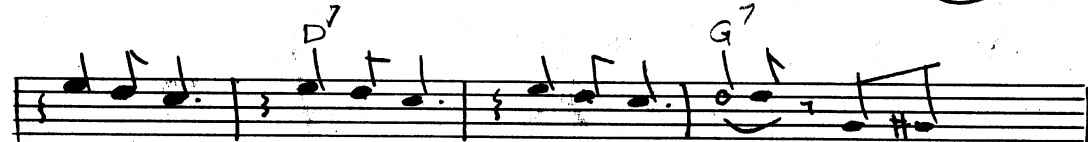
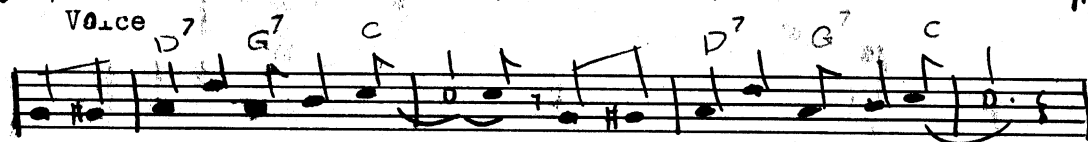
Chorus.
I love her in the morning and I love her at night
I love her yes I love her when the stars are shining bright
I love her in the spring time and I love her in the fall
But last night on the back porch I loved her best of all.

Chorus.
I loved her in the garden where I picked her a rose
I loved her in the valley where the Swanee River flows
I loved her in the woodshed where the woodshed would shed wood
But last night from the splinters - I didn't love so good.

Chorus.
I love her on a Monday, 'twas a Tuesday I fell
I love her on a Wednesday and on Thursday just as well
I love her on a Friday, every Saturday I call
That last night is her pay night - I love her best of all.

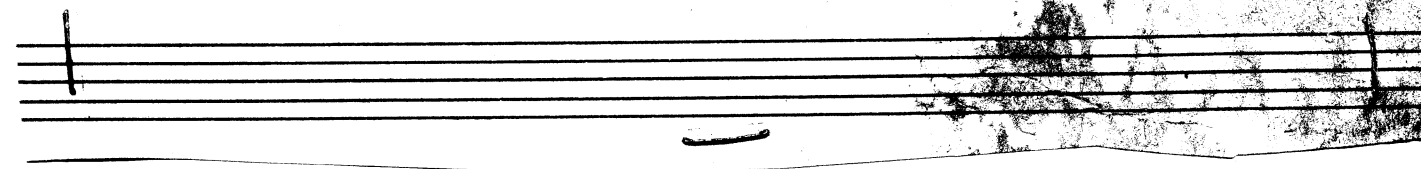
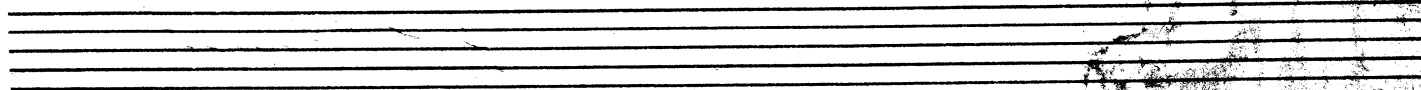
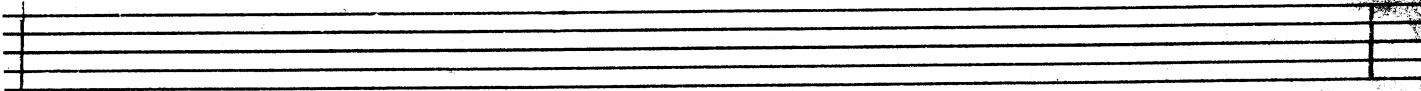
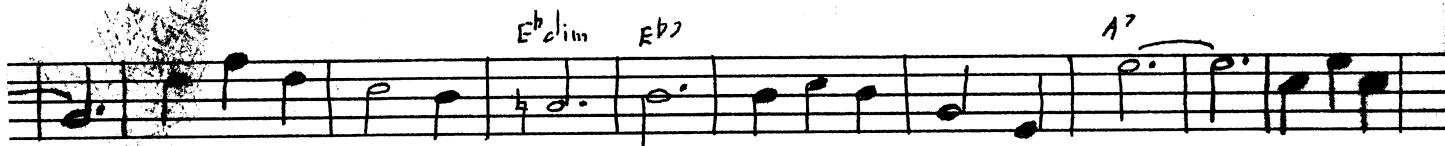
Chorus.
I loved her in the country in her rompers of brown
I loved her in the city in her little gingham gown
I loved her on the sea-shore 'cause her bathing suit was small
But last night in her nithtie - she phoned "goodnight" that's all

Chorus.
I loved her for her beauty, and I loved her for her style
I loved her for her sweetness and I loved her for her smile
I loved her for her good points, they's too many to recall
But last night for her liquor, I loved her best of all.

LAST NIGHT ON THE BACK PORCH

AFTER THE BALL.

After the ball was over
Sadie took out her glass eye
Put her false teeth in the ice box.
Corked up her bottle of rye.
Throwed her false leg in the corner
Hung her false wig on the wall
Wound up her cat and threw out the clock
After the ball.

— arayon
"After the Ball"
A♭
E♭7
E♭dim
E♭7
A7
F7
B♭7
E♭7
A♭
E♭7
A♭

aroyo

LIDIA PINKHAM.

CHORUS.

Oh, let us sing,(Oh, let us sing) of Lidia Pinkham, (Pinkham, Pinkham)

And how she loved (she loved, she loved) the human race.
(the human race)

And how she sold (she sold, she sold) her vegetable compound,

And how the Doctors all envied her face. (They envied her face.)

VERSE.

Now MrS Jones hadn't had any children

And this seemed mighty queer.

So he bought her one bottle of compound,

Now the blest event comes 'round most every year.

VERSE.

Mr. Smith had a hen and a rooster.

This pair of chickens, they wouldn't lay.

So he fed them a bottle of compound.

Now he gets a dozen of eggs most every day.

VERSE.

If you should ever feel yourself slipping,

Take my advie without delay.

Just buy yourself some Lidia Pinkham's

And keep on living in the good old fashioned way.

arogon
"Lydia Pinkham"
C
G
D7
G
C
G
D7
1 G
G Fine

IN THE WOODSHED.

Verse.

Johnny had a girl named Mary, She was chilly, very, very.
When he would try to love her, she'd balk
She would slap his face, make him keep his place
Till one night he took her for a walk.

Choruses.

He asked her if she'd kiss him in the garden
And in the garden she said "NO"
He even tried to kiss her on her old back porch
But on the back porch she wouldn't go.
He wondered if she was human, or is she was made of woo,
So at last he tried to kiss her in the woodshed
And in the woodshed, she said she would.

He asked her if she'd kiss him in the gloaming
And then she answered "Where is that?"
He tried to kiss her in her own apartment too
But she said "NO" so he knocked her flat.
He tried every place he knew of, but she'd holler "Not so good."
Till at last he tried to kiss her in the woodshed;
And in the woodshed, she said she would.

He tried to kiss her right where she was sitting (My! my yes!)
She kicked him out of her sitting room.
And then he tried to kiss her in the bright moonlight
But then somebody turned off the moon (A blackout!)
He tried every place he knew of, but she told him where he stood
Till at last he walked her right into the wood shed

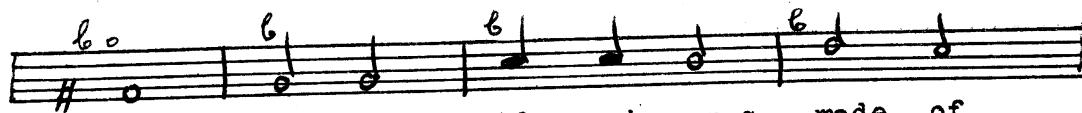
(spoken)

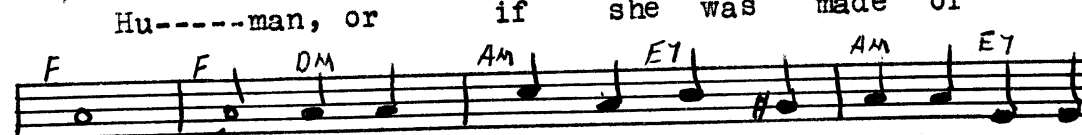
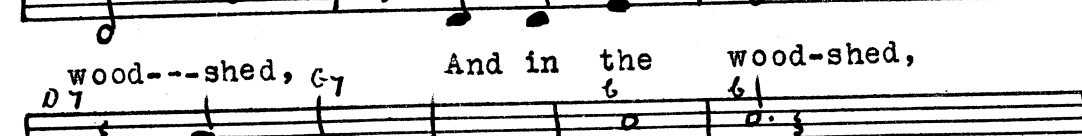
And she made him chop enough wood to last all winter.

IN THE WOODSHED. (CONT.)

I even tried to kiss her on the boardwalk
And how that baby could walk
I even took her riding in a wheeling chair
Then you could hear that sweet mama talk
So I wondered if she was human
Or if she was made of wood
So I thought I'd take a train back to the woodshed
'Cause in the woodshed, I KNEW SHE WOULD.

To kiss her right I thought we ought to marry
So I bought her a diamond ring
And after that I said, when shall we wed dear
In Autumn, Winter, the Fall or Spring?
I just can't make up my mind dear
And I don't think that I should
Forget it all andwalk down to the woodshed
And help me pile up a little wood.

I tried to steal a kiss while out a hunting
Cause a hunting we did go
I even tried to kiss her on the horses back
Each time the horse moved she'd holler Whoa.
Each time he'd move I'd get nervous
Then I look down where he stood
~~Thmmxix~~
A million flies around us start to gather
We took the woodshed - I'll say we did.

I got a thought that she might like some golfing
And so I bought her a nifty club
While I was chasing 'round the court to find the ball
She went and sneaked off with some big dub
I wondered where I could find them
Or if perhaps I should
But I hear that they were caught right in the woodshed
They'se doing six months up chopping wood.

WOODSHED.
ARAGON
Intro, Lively Tempo.
Voice.
John-ny had a girl and gee, She was chil-ly
as could be, when he,d try to love her she would
balk.
She would al-ways slap his face,
tell him he must keep his place, Till one night he
took her for a walk.
Cho.
He asked her if she,d kiss him in the
gar-- den, in the gar-den she said, Oh
No. He ev- en tried to kiss her on the
old back porch, on the back porch she would,nt
go. He won-dered if she was
would,nt

ARAGON

Hu-----man, or if she was made of
wood. So at last he tried to kiss her in the
wood---shed, And in the wood-shed,
she said she would.
F F DM AM E7 AM E7
DM DM DM
D7 G7
2nd Chorus.
He tried to kiss her right where she was sitting. (Talk: A Sole kiss)
She kicked him out of her sitting room,
And then he tried to kiss her in the bright moonlight,
But then somebody turned off the moon.
He tried every place he knew of, but she told him where he stood
Till at last he walked her right into the woodshed,
(Last line spoken)
And she made him chop enough wood to last all winter.

Note : The chords penciled in this song are for guitar , but will give the pianist a clue .

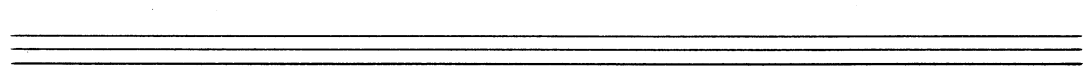
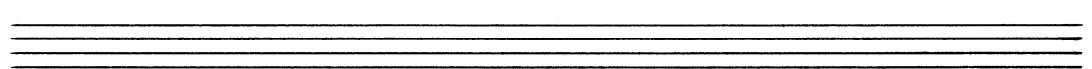
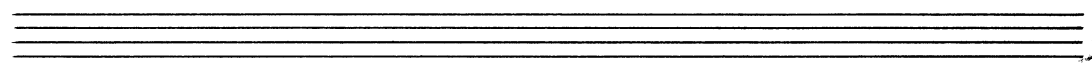
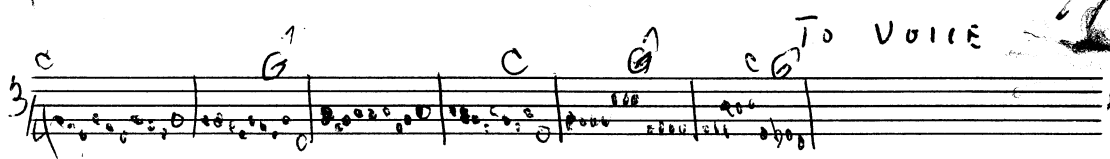
IT'S BETTER THAN TAKING IN WASHING.

Though there are peophe who live by their wits
It's better than taking in washing.
The hell with the morals, the sweeter the rits,
It's better than taking in washing.
Though you're supported by gambling and dice
And though you do things not regarded as nice,
Sinners and flappers if you get your price,
It's better than taking in washing.

Now I know a girl who is kept in a flat
It's better than taking in washing
And each night her hat rack holds another hat
It's better than taking in washing
Quick as a dander she's giddy or gay
Virtue is fine - but her virtue don't pay
Girls have to get on in some other way - and -
It's better than taking in washing.

Now, Madam Du Barry wrote home to her kin
It's better than taking in washing
Even the wives of King Henry gave in
It's better than taking in washing.
Adam and Eve had a permanent break
Adam told Eve to go jump in the lake
So he bit the apple and said to the snake,
It's better than taking in washing.

Now, I make my living this funny old way
If not, I'd be taking in washing.
Singing all night and sleeping all day
It's better than taking in washing.
Though I may sing songs that are naughty, it's true
And though you may blush at a line or two
KIndly remember from my point of view,
IT'S BETTER THAN TAKING IN WASHING!

TAKING IN WASHING
Intro
VOICE
TO VOICE

IT'S A GOOD THING COWS DON'T FLY.

I'm going to sing a little song it's a pretty little thing
And when we reach the chorus I want you all to sing
The words are very simple as easy as can be.
Here it is, now everyone - all join in with me.

CHORUS: (after each verse)

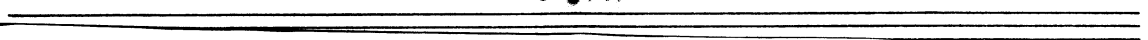
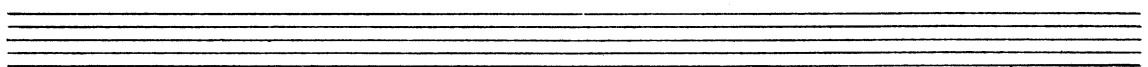
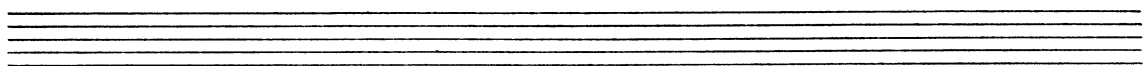
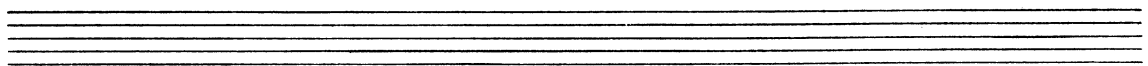
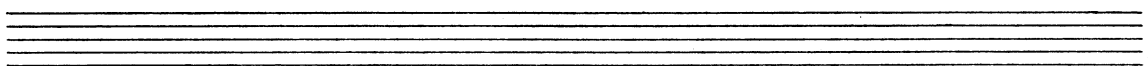
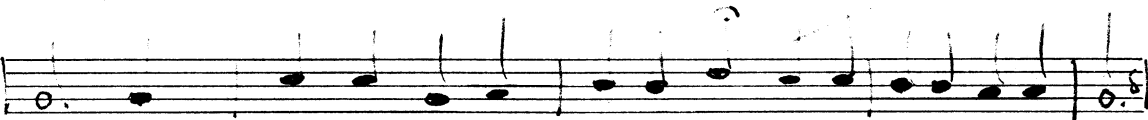
It's a good thing cows don't fly - it's a good thing cows don't fly
This world is full of so much bull, it's a good thing cows don't fly.

They say the canning industry is great throughout the land
And men go out to Reno just to have some peaches canned
The other day grandmother had to send for Doctor Keith
She said grandfather bit her can when she sat on his false teeth.

I hear a cock-a-doodle crowin' to a bantam hen
How can I cock-a-doodle if you wont let me in?
A ringtail monkey in a cage with sly Miss Chimpanzee
She said, now don't you start no monkey business here with me.

My sweety's name is Helen Hunt at lovin' she's a hit
For kisses sweet I always go to Hell-en Hunt for it.
Her Auntie Jane has got a farm and there she lives at ease
Because she always sits among her cabbages and peas.

I never saw old sittin' Bull, who was he anyhow?
They tell me that he had a squaw, her name was Sittin' Cow
My gal while skatin', slipped and fell, the floor was slick as glass
I asked her, did it hurt her much? She answered: Oh my yes.

COMEDY SONG- IT'S A GOOD THING COWS DONT FLY.

I WONDER WILL SHE LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD?

Verse.

I'M FEELING VERY WORRIED, THERE'S A SHADOW IN MY LIFE.
It makes me so depressed, I can't get any rest.
I used to be so happy and with a wifey had no strife,
But last night going to bed, a strange thought came in my head.

Choruses.

I wonder will she love me when I'm old?
When all my hair has fled, and I've got a smooth bald head,
I wonder will her love grow cold.
Will she think that I look weird as I stoke my long white beard
Will she call me baby names when I'm too old for baby games.
When I'm no lonver dashing, gay and bold,
When I'm feeble and rheumatic, will she stick me in the attic?
Oh, I wonder will she love me when I'm old?

I wonder will she love me when I'm old?
When I've lost the bloom of youth, and I've only got one tooth,
I wonder will her love grow cold?
When my face is creased and cracked, and the DRAFT BOARD say
I'm whacked--
Will she sit and hold my hand, when I've grown too weak to stand.
When I'm no longer dashing, gay and bold.
When in bed my back is bony, and her feet are cold and stony
Oh, I wonder will she love me when I'm old.

I wonder will she love me when I'm old?
When Bron-chi-tis makes me grun, will she rub me back and front?
I wonder will her love grow cold?
Will she whisper words so dear, down the trumpet in my ear,
If I knit a woolen vest, to keep the night wind off my chest
When I'm no longer dashing, gay and bold.
Will she ever try to force me, to do wrong and then divorce me?
Oh, I wonder will she love me when I'm old?

I WONDER WILL SHE LOVE ME WHEN I'M OLD ?
ARAGON
INTRO
VOICE
CHORUS

K Eb — Drayton

The Automobile Song.

Verse.

A couple once were seated in a little motor car
They were sweethearts and they didn't care who knew
They were holding hands together as the motor loudly roared
And the price of gas went up to twenty-two.
He was an automobile mechanic
Working steady throughout the year
And in terms of his profession
He whispered in her ear.

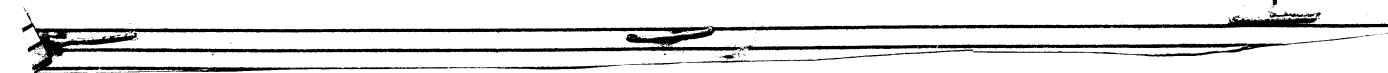
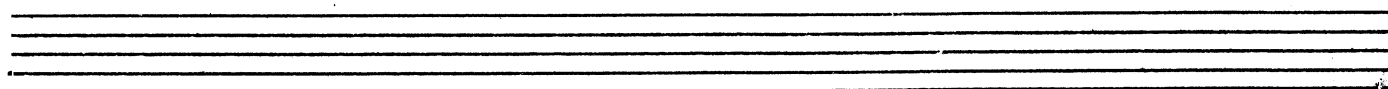
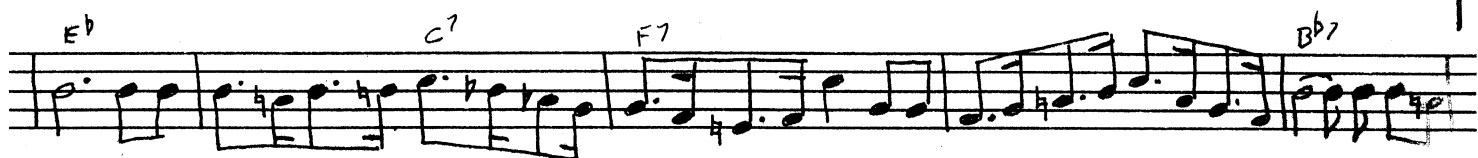
Chorus.

Will you love me when my carburator's busted,(huh?)
Will you love me when I cannot shift my gears?
Will you love me when I need a new condensor,
When my clutch begins to slip will you shed tears?
Will you love me when my battery needs recharging?
Will you love me when my pump is on the blink? (by heck)
When I haven't got a cent and my connecting rod is bent
Will you love me when my flivver is a wreck?

Chorus.

Will you love me when my vacumn cup is empty?
Will you love me when my rear end's worn and torn?
Will you love me when my rim-rod's Old and rusty?
Will you love me when I cannot blow my horn?
Will you love me when my inner-tube is busted?
Will you love me when my tank begins to leak? By heck!
When the junkman says: "No use."
And my nuts and bolts are loose --
Will you love me when my flivver is a wreck.

Tootsy, wootsy - When my flivver is a wreck.

"Automobile Song"

ANNA'S BACK IN INDIANA NOW.

Verse.

Back in Indiana, there lived a girl named Anna
Who said: "In pictures I know I'll be good."
What I've got will surprise 'em, in fact I'll paralize 'em.
So when she arrived in Hollywood:---

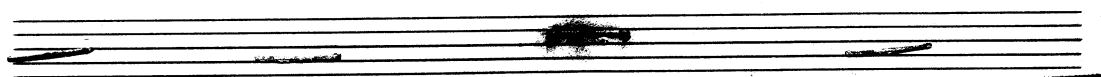
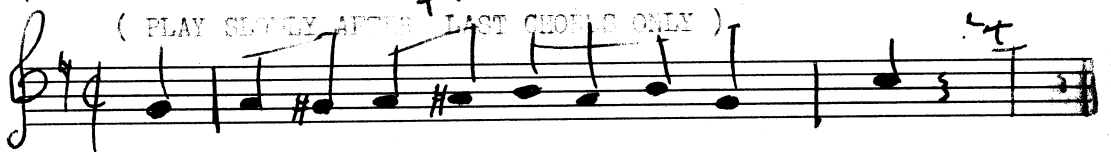
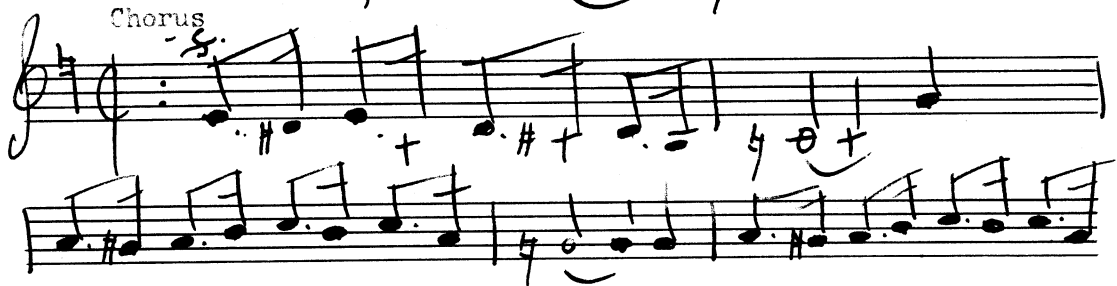
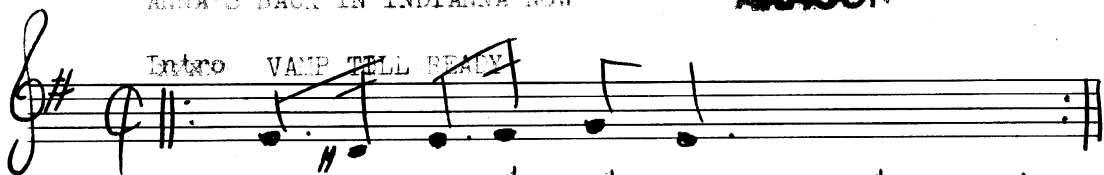
Choruses.

Anna Said she was the Village Queen
She had a lot of - you know what I mean.
She surely was gigantic, full of little tricks romantic
Her love scenes were the hottest ever seen
Anna got a chauffer and a car
She tried to act just like a Movie star.
But no Taylor, Power or Gable ever sat down at her table
They prefered to have their fun with Heddy Lamar.

Anna's hair was pink, her eyes were green
She had a figure like I'd never seen
She was so wide of girth, she could not get in a berth
Only half of her was seen upon the screen
Anna said: "I'll go for sex appeal
I'll strip tease and show them something real."
When she dropped the fan, like Sally's
She was just all hills and valleys.
Just imagine how the audience would feel.

So Anna's back in Indiana now
She thought she'd be a riot and a wow
And she acted supercillious but her postures were the silliest
By posing and pretending to know how.
In "Tarzan" she finally got a bit
She said: "At last I know I'll be a hit."
But she was so short and chunky
They mistook her for the monkey
And everyong who saw her had a fit.

In the bathing scenes she wallowed like a scow
Her esthetic dancing, that was a wow!
On her chest there words were painted:
COME ON BOYS LET'S GET ACQUAINTED!
So Anna's back in Indiana now.
Then Anna said: "I think I'll change my luck
(spoken: No! No! not that!)
I'll do the dance they call "The Dying Duck"
When she said: she'd like a retake
The Directors got a headache
And said she was just another cluck.
(Slowly) So Anna's back in Indiana now.

ANNA'S BACK IN INDIANNA NOW
ARAGON
Intro VAMP TILL READY
Voice
Chorus
(PLAY SLOWLY AFTER LAST CHORUS ONLY)

A BASSETT TO THE END.

ARAGON

(VERSE TO BE RECITED SLOWLY)

Boston has always been the seat of culture
For generations it has held the lead
The Beeches and the Cabots, the Lowells and the Bassetts
The families that were most meticulous rather ridiculous, too.
When they tell you how well their families are treed --
Who's in the lead - My Friends! when it comes to forthright genealogy
There are but two families who can go away back.
But away back - and who have kept track
They are the bluest of the back bays bluest blues.
To YOU they are the zenith of society's social snobs
To them the Cabots and the Lowells
Oh my dear! Just SLOBS!
Who are they: Who are they?
Why they're the sons and daughters of the Beeches and the Bassetts.

(Play introduction or a chord.)

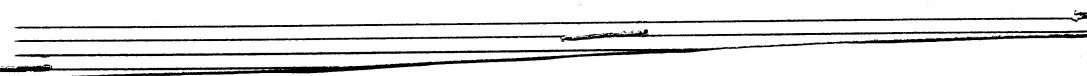
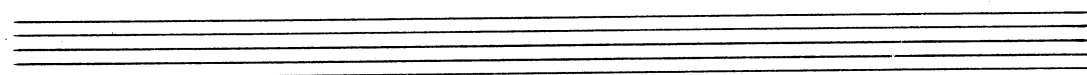
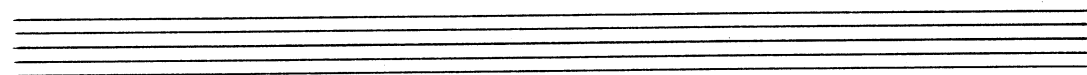
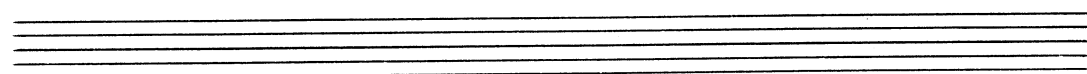
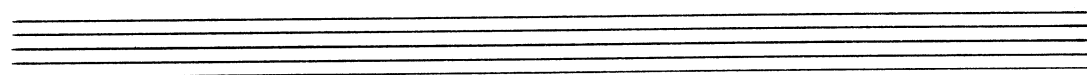
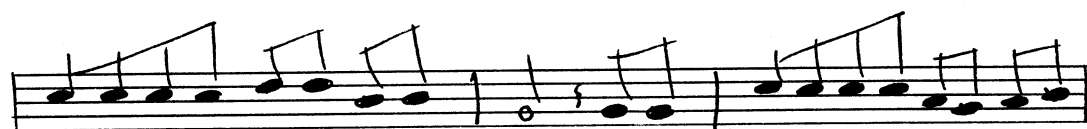
Chorus. (Lively tempo)

For the Sons of Beeches always marry Bassetts
For a Bassett is a Bassett to the end.
Though the Beeches have the assets, it's the Bassetts have the classe
Beeches assets put the Bassetts on the mend.
A Bassett never mingles with the masses
To resort to that they'd never condescend
But the Beeches have a chauffer who's a Bassett girl's golpher!
For a Bassett is a Bassett to the end.

For the sons of Beeches always marry Bassetts
For a Bassett is a Bassett to the end.
The great wealth they have ammassed, it's the Beeches not the Bassetts
Beeches assets put the Bassets on the mend. (spoken: THEY THINK)
In Pilgrim days the Bassetts were " John Alden."
To Priscilla Dean, Mile Standish they did send.
But Priscilla up and tossed them - for John Alden double-crossed them
Oh a Bassett (spoken:O) is definitely a Bassett to the end.

spoken: THE END.

ARAGON
A BASSETT TO THE END
Intro
Music for Chorus

ARAGON

YOU CAN'T FIND A PLACE TO DO IT.

Recite:

Take your gal boating, start in floating
You're looking for a place where you can't be seen
She's hesitating, Oh, you don't mind waiting
You know the red will turn to green.

You've got a reason the night is freezin'
You couldn't go wrong if you only had a chance
But you can't get goin' with that cold wind blowin'
A rumble seat is no place for romance.

You wander here, wander there
It finally looks like it's going to be swell
You find a spot and you both get hot
Then it starts to rain - so what the hell.

Sing:

First you get the girl, that's essential
Then you get the urge to be confidential
You're on the verge of being residential
And you can't find aplace to do it.

You go out in the park, the proper place for wooing
Find a bench for two, with couples cooing
You walk for miles and nothing doing,
You can't find a place to do it.

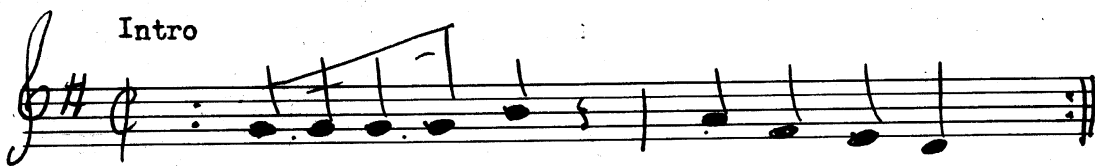
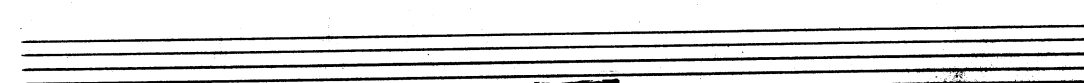
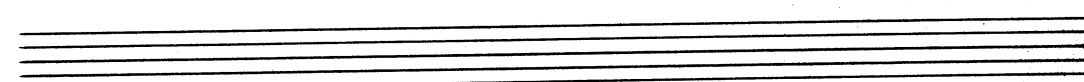
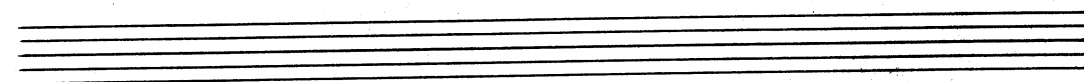
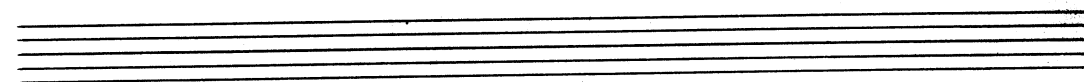
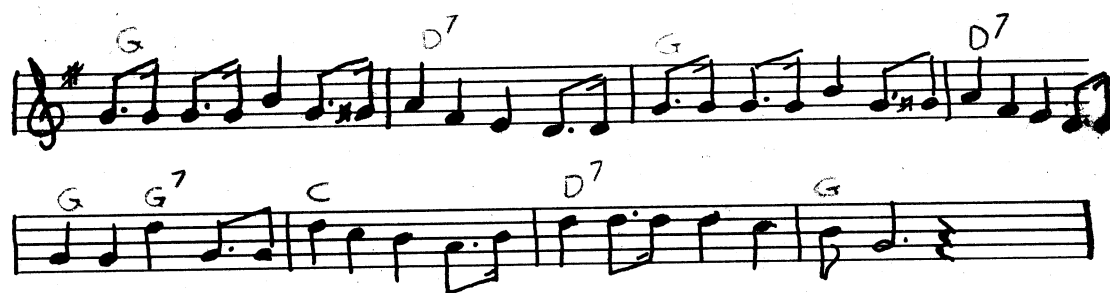
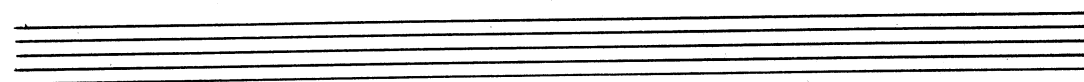
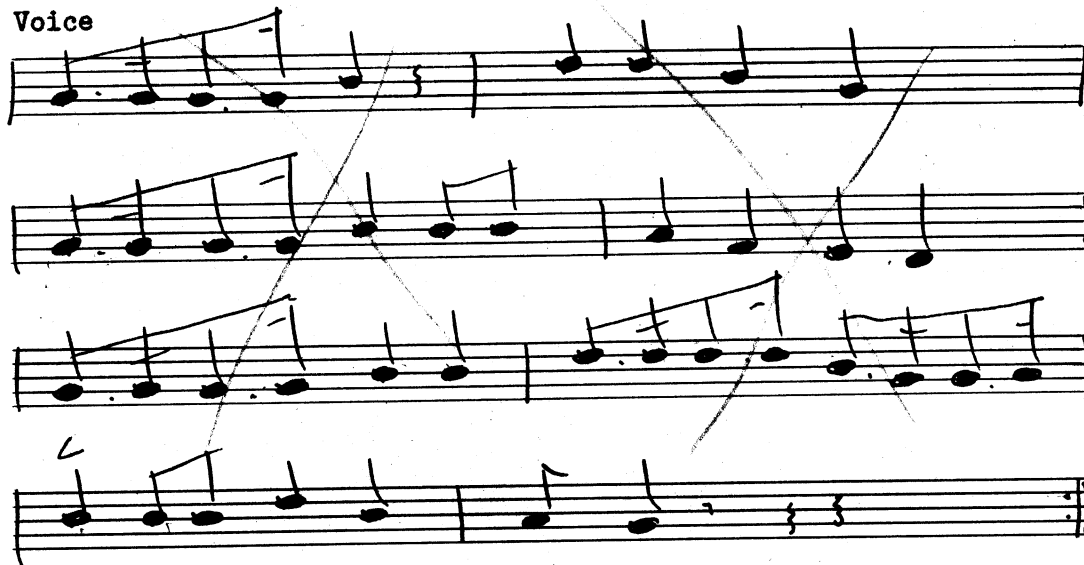
Everything goin' just as you planned
You've acquainted yourself with the lay of the land
You've got the situation in the palm of your hand
But you can't find a place to do it.

You've phoned your girl and there's no dissention
Talked of this and that and not to mention
You'd call the hotel but that's against convention
And you can't find a place to do it.

You invite all your friends who are quite amusing
And find your apartment they are abusing
Three is a crowd but four is confusing
You can't find a place to do it

You take her home, nothin' else to do
Her father yells down "Come up to bed, Sue"
And that's what happens to me and you
When you can't find a place to do it.

There isn't any name to this silly ditty
But it seems a shame and an awful pity
That with all the gals in this here city
YOU CAN'T FIND A PLACE TO DO IT.

CAN'T FIND A PLACE
ARAGON
Intro
Voice
G
D7
G
D7
G
G7
C
D7
G

Gonna Dance With A Dolly.

As I was walking down the street,
Down the street, down the street.
I met somebody who was mighty sweet,
Mighty fair to see.
I asked her, would she like to have a talk,
Make some talk, make some double talk.
And all the fellows standing on the walk
Wishing they were me.

Oh! mama, mama, let me dress up tonight,
Dress up tonight, I wanna dress up tonight.
I gotta a secret - gonna "fess" up tonight
While I dance by the light of the moon.

CHORUS:

Gonna dance with a dolly
With a hole in her stockin'
While our knees keep a knockin'
And our toes keep a rockin'
Gonna dance with a dolly
With a hole in her stockin'
Gonna dance by the light of the moon.

I'm gonna Shim-sham-shimmy till the break of dawn,
The break of dawn, the break of dawn.
Won't come home till my money's gone
So don't wait up for me.
I'll have more kisses than a candy store,
A candy store, a candy store.
Sweeter than I've ever had before
And still I'll cry for more.

Oh! mama, mama, put the cat out tonight,
Cat out tonight, put the cat out tonight.
I've worked all day, I'm gonna scat out tonight.
Gonna dance by the light of the moon.

REPEAT CHORUS.

"Dance With A Dolly"
Eb
Ab Eb
Bb
Ab Eb
Ab Eb
Bb7
Eb Fm7 Bb7 Eb
Ab Eb
Bb7
Ab Eb
Eb
Ab Eb
Bb
Eb
Eb7
Ab
Eb dim
Eb
Bbdim Bb
Eb
Ab
Ebdim
Eb
F7
Eb
Ab Eb
Bb7
Eb
Eb
Ab Eb
Bb7
Eb Bb7
Eb
1.
2.

Find Out What They Like.

Verse.

She used to wonder right along
Why she couldn't hold her man
Ev'ry love affair went wrong
Until she changed her plan.
She's havin' no more trouble now
Her daddy's nice as he can be
Ladies I will tell you how
That's if you'll take a tip from me.

Chorus.

Find out what they like, and how they like it.
And let 'em have it, just that way.
Give 'em what they want and when they want it
Without a single word to say.

(Catch lines)

YOU'VE GOT TO CATER TO A MAN AND IF YOU DON'T
HE'LL FINDSOME OTHER GAL TO DO THE THINGS YOU WON'T

Find out what they like, and how they like it
And let 'em have it that way.

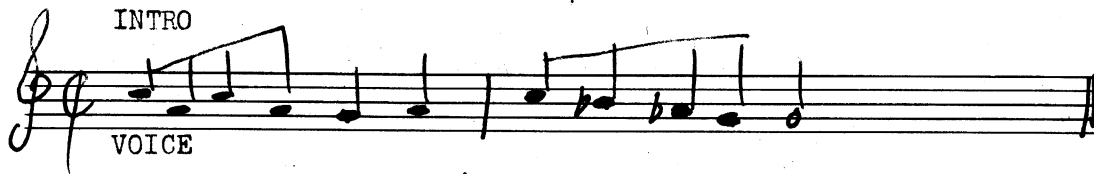
Extra Catch lines for choruses.

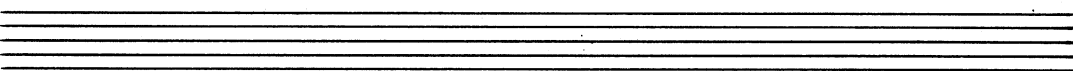
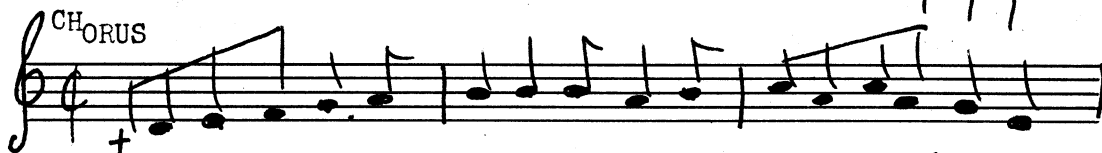
JUST USE MORE SUGAR IF HE SAYS YOUR JAM AIN'T SWEET
OR HE WILL SNEAK FOR HIS DESERT - ACROSS THE STREET.

NOW YOU WILL LOSE HIM IF YOU GIVE HIM LOLLY POPS
WHEN YOU KNOW HE IS ALMOST CRAZY FOR SOME CHOPS.

NOW IF HE CLAIMS HIS LODGE IS MEETING - EV'RY NIGHT
IT MEANS YOU DO NOT HANDLE ALL YOUR BUSINESS RIGHT.

FIND OUT WHAT THEY LIKE

INTRO

VOICE

CHORUS

OH GRANDMA

SPOKEN: Impersonation of a young lady talking to her Grandma:
Is that you Grandma? Well listen!

Sing Verse:

Oh Grandma you told me a story 'bout Little Red Riding Hood
How she disobeyed her Mammy, and forgot to be good
And a great big wolf nearly got her
Now Grandma will you please tell Mammy that a rich old wolf has got her daughter

CHORUS

Oh Grandma--what a great, big, yacht he's got
It's as big as a Staten Island ferry boat--
Oh Grandma what a great, big, car he's got
With the nicest looking chauffer, just the kind that I could go fer,
Now the wolf is old, the chauffer's young, Oh me oh my,
But the wolf has gold the chauffer none, wouldn't that make you cry!
And oh dear Grandma, I'm asking you, what should do,
Should I chase the chauffer and let the wolfer inside of my door?

Chorus

Oh Grandma, what a great, big, house he's got
He's a rich old son of a multimillionaire,
Oh, Grandma--what a great, big, business he's got
And if I'm a very good girl he said, "He'd give me the BUSINESS!
Now the wolf is rich, the chauffer's young, Oh me oh my.
But the wolf writes checks, the chauffer necks, and helps me spend my check
And oh, Grandma--I'm asking you what should I do--
Should I chase the chauffer and let the wolf inside of my door?

Spoken: And oh Grandma, he's going to give me a fox, Oh no, Grandma
a genuine silver fox--

Sing last two lines of chorus:

And oh, Grandma, I'm asking you what should I do
Wouldn't I be a fool to chase the wolf away from my door?

OH GRANDMA .

ARAGON

EVERYONE'S KISSING MY FANNY.

Verse.

His Fanny was heartless, and all over town
Everyone's saying that she threw him down.
Fanny's becoming a gad-about
And that's why he keeps shouting out.

Chorus.

Oh everyone's kissin' my Fanny
But nobody's kissin' me---
It's surely gettin' my nanny
The was she keeps treatin' me.
Oh, everyone thinks it's uncanny
That we two have drifted far apart.
For everyone's kissin' my Fanny
And that's what's breakin' my heart.

Chorus.

Everyone's kissin' my Fanny
And I don't know what to say
I didn't know my little Fanny
Attracted attention that way.
Oh, there's not a nook or a cranny
Where you can't hear folks say - to be smart
That everyone's kissin' my Fanny
And that's what's breakin' my heart.

Gag:

What is the difference between Funny and Fanny?

Well, you can be funny without looking at Fanny, but
you can't look at Fanny without fellin' funny.

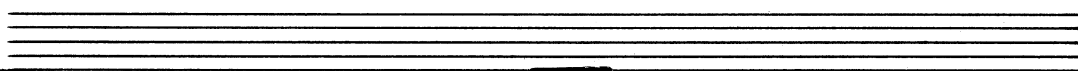
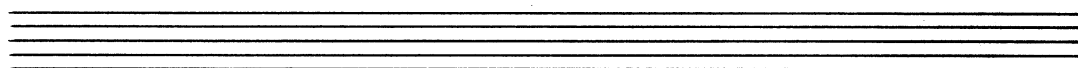
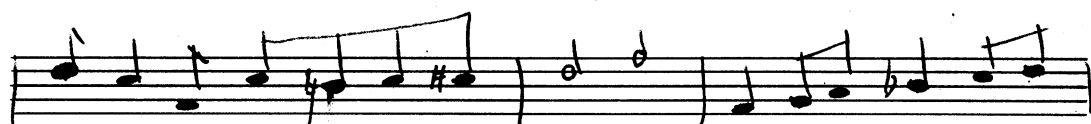
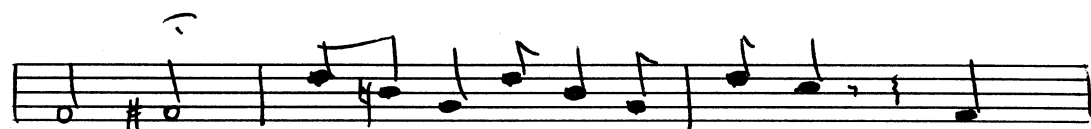
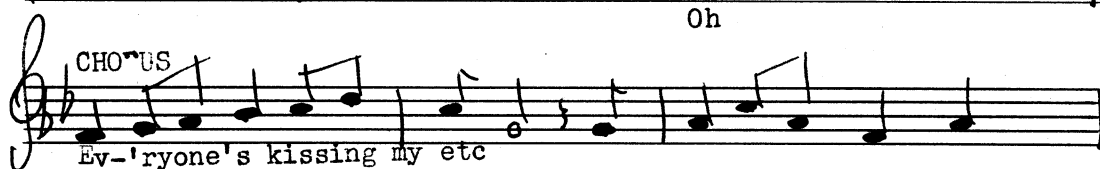
EVERYONE'S KISSIN' MY FANNY

Intro

Voice

Oh

CHORUS

Ev-'ryone's kissing my etc

arroyo

DOODLE DO DO.

Please play for me that sweet melody called

Doodle do do - Doodle do do.

I like the rest but what I like best is

Doodle do do - Doodle do do.

Simplest thing, there isn't must to it

You don't have to sing just doodle do do it.

I love it so - where ever I go I just

Doodle do doodle do do.

-o- -o- -o- -o-

Miss Anna Snow went out with a show

Called Doodle Do Do. Doodle Do Do.

She made a hit by singing a bit

In Doodle Do. Do. Doodle Do Do.

Twenty a week, that's all there was to it.

How in the world did she manage to do it.

She bought a Rolls-Royce - not with her voice,

But with her Doodle do Doodle do do.

D & C

Aragon

"Doodle Do Do"

G A7 D7

G C

G E7 A7

D7 1. G 2. G

SAILOR DITTY

"THE FLEET'S IN"

Verse

Now a sailor's life is a happy life
Has a girl in each port but not a wife
Every place he hangs his hat
He finds welcome on the mat.
Though he's weary when those trips begin;
What a difference when those ships come in.

Chorus

When those ships anchor in the bay
You'll find there'll soon be hell to pay
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in to-day .
I hope that you've not mis-con-strued--
They've just come in to get-----Tattooed!
Hooray Hooray! the fleet is in to-day.
The sailors may go rowing in the lake that's in the park
But that rowing gag is finished just as soon as it gets dark .
And those flags wavin' in the breeze--
Are just the captain's B. V.D.'s--
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in to-day.

2nd Chorus

The Captain and the lowest tar
Start headin' for the nearest bar--
Hooray! Hooray! the Fleet is in today
The gals know when they're all on leave!--
IT' S MUCH BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE'.
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in today.
The s ilors have a dam good time,
And then they sail away--
Their girl friends have a good time too-!
THEY COUNT THE DAYS AND PRAY .
And then they turn around you see--
AND BLAME IT ON SOME GUY LIKE ME!
Hooray! Hooray! the fleet is in today.

THE FLEET'S IN
ARAGON
Intro Lively
Voice
Ritard
Chorus lively

THE FULLER BRUSH MAN.

Verse.

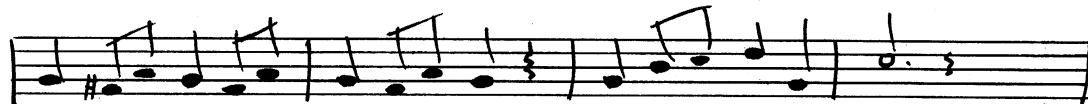
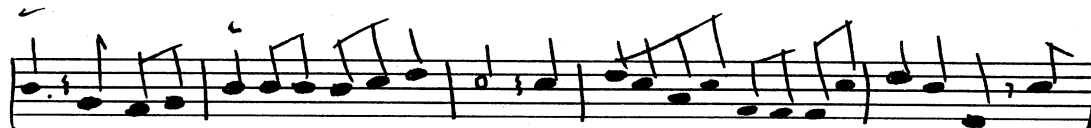
I know a gal that's gay as can be,
She never frowns all day --
For she's expecting every afternoon at two
Someone who - can chase her blues away,
She never worried 'bout any old thing,
But just listen in and you will hear her sing.

Chorus.

I listen for the bell, I primp and powder so,
I know his foorsteps well, in case you do not know,
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man
He shows me all his samples, and looks so wonderous wise,
That I can't even listen when he looks into my eyes.
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man.
He told me of a certain brush that sure sounds great,
For when you're in the tub--
To give you're back a scrub -
Saturday is coming but I just can't wait,
'Cause that's when he promised that he'd demonstrate,
Now he hasn't a moustache, he's bald as he can be,
But the whiskers on his brushes, - they're good enough for me,
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man!

Chorus.

He takes me in his - confidence, he holds me in his - a spell,
He toys with my - emotions, Oh, he makes me feel like, well!
I've got a crush, I've got a crush on the Fuller Brush man.
With everything he demonstrates, he gives a guarantee,
That it will last for forty years, that's long enough for me.
I've got a crush, so help me, on the Fuller Brush man!
He gives away a prize for every brush I've bought,
For one as small as this, he give a little kiss,
It won't be long before, my precious bank rool's shot.
For I'm goin to buy the biggest broom he's got.
Now he's got a brush that tickles and he's got a brush that hurts,
And he's got a special one that I think is the nerts.
I've got a crush, Oh what a crush on the Fuller Brush Man!

THE FULLER BRUSH MAN

FOR MEN ONLY.

Verse.

I got a letter from a girl acquaintance of mine
In business up in Harlem way
All indications go to show that she's doin' fine
This is what she had to say:

Choruss.

What I've got, is for men only, and guaranteed to sarisfy
What I've got goes for men only, my sales are large you can't deny.
The more they get the more they want, it sure is nice
To have a store where they don't kick about the price.
What I've got is for men only, the kind of goods they're glad to buy.

Chorus.

What I've got is for men only, that's if they lay it on the line
All my stocks is for men only, and what I've got is mighty fine
Shirts and collars, underwear and socks and ties
Suits and hats and overcoats of ev'ry size
What I've got is for men only, that's if they lay it on the line.

Chorus.

What I've got is for men only, you ought to see them stand in line
All my stock is for men only, and I do business rain or shine
What I've got has made them come for miles around
I've the finest haberdashery store in town
What I've got is for men only, I've nothin' in the female line.

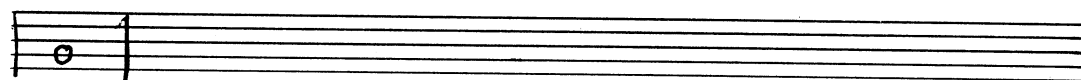
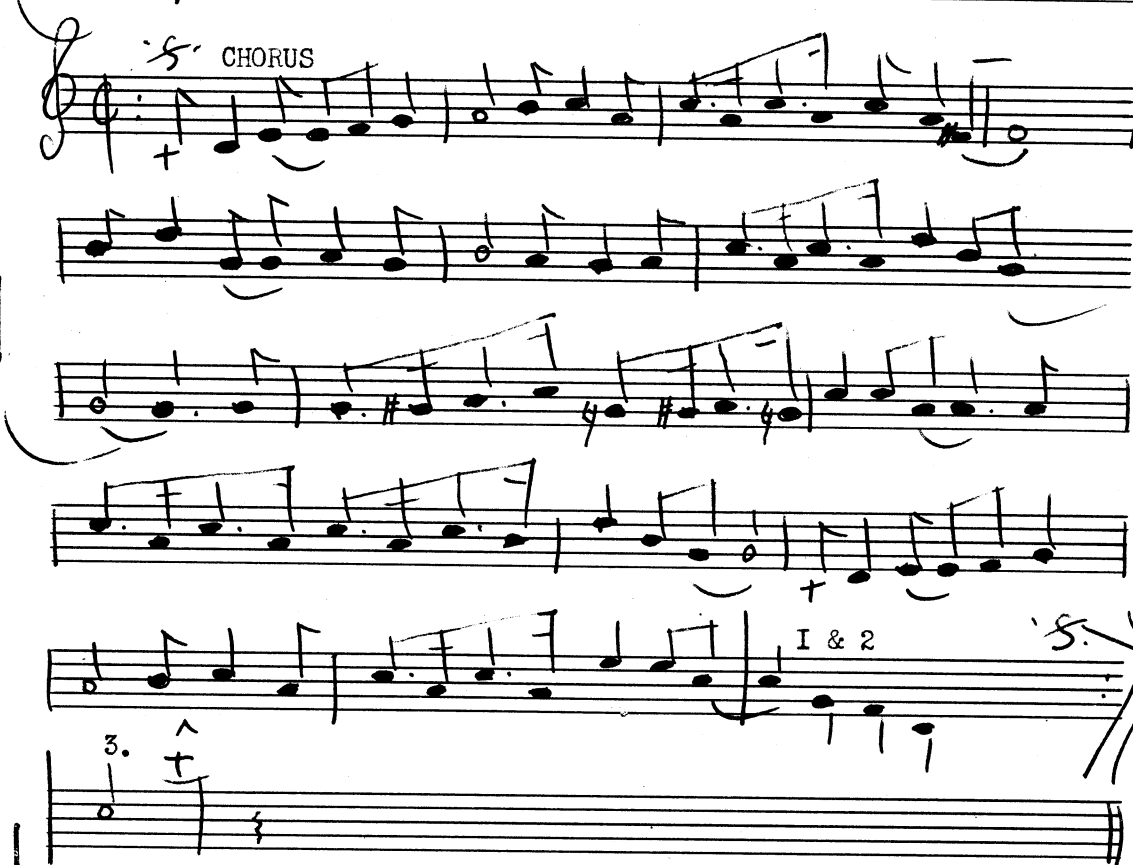
FOR MEN ONLY

Intro

Voice

CHORUS

I & 2

3.

HE WAS TIRED OF MOUNTAIN WOMEN.

Verse.
In the hills of Old Kentucky lived a mountaineer so husky
That the mountain girls pursued him by the score.
But he seemed to be a hermit, that's the only way to term it,
Here's the reason why he turned them from his door.

Chorus.
He was tired of mountain women. He was tired of maountain women
He was tired of mountain women night and day.
Had his fill of open spaces, had his thoughts on tighter places
So one day he hopped a rattler for Broadway.

Verse.
When he landed in the city, very soon he spied a pretty
He said: "City Gal, now you're the one for me
So he walked in her direction, tried to make a new connection
And the reason was as plain as A. B. C.

Chorus.
He was tired of mountain women. He was tired of mountain women
Oh it wasn't hard to understand his plight.
You must have a change of venue, just the same's as on a menu
For you can't eat steak for dinner every night.

Verse.
Well, the city gal coquetted, but her appetite was wetted
So she fooled around and played with something new.
But to her complete amazement, she discovered as the days went
He got tired of fancy city women too.

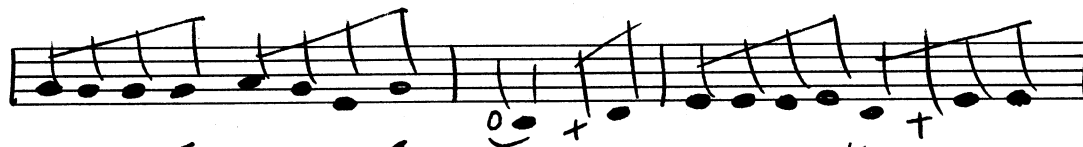
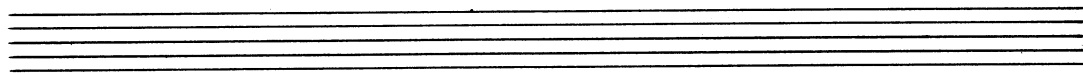
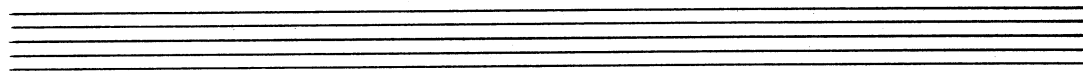
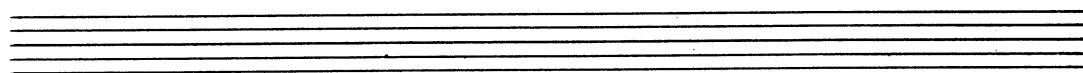
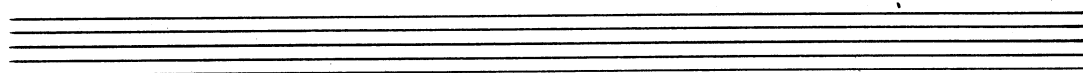
Chorus.
He was tired of mountain women, he was tired of City women
It was just the same where ever he did fall.
And the truth of it be sated was, he simply couldn't take it.
No - he couldn't take it any place at all.

Verse.
So just like a worn out gavel, to the country he did travel
To the mountains he retired, so I'm told.
Lived in an old time diner, and became a wealthy miner
He was happy with his little bag of gold.

Chorus.
He was tired of mountain women, fed up with City women
He decided he would always live alone.
And to spare the gal's illusion, he swallowed up in seclusion
Proving that a mountaineer can hold his own!

HE WAS TIRED OF MOUNTAIN' WOMEN

Intro

Voice

Chorus

HORSIE, KEEP YOUR TAIL UP.

Verse.

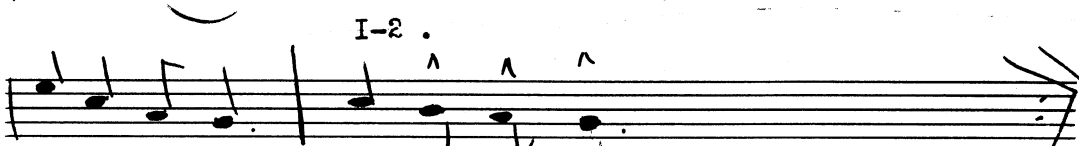
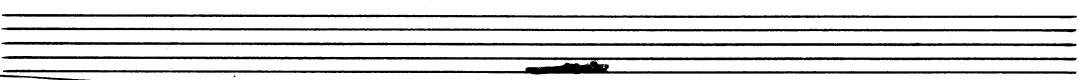
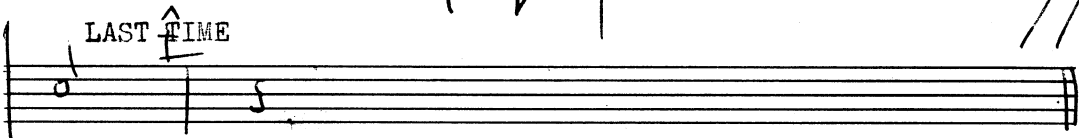
Cabbie Jones had a "Charlie" horse, his age was forty two
Ev'ry day when the sun would shine, you could hear old Charlie whine
Give me oat-sies, give me hay, anything will do
Cabbie Jones Said: "Charlie boy, all I ask of you"

Choruses.

Horsie, keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
Keep the sun out of my eyes.
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
Never mind about the flies
Each bird up in the tree top high
Begins to sing as we pass by
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
Keep the sun out of my eyes.

Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
Keep it up and show your pride
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
There's a bride and groom inside
He mushed the bride, she mushed the groom
They made my cab a mushy room
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
Keep the sun out of my eyes.

Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
Like a banner in the sky
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
There's an absent minded guy
He took one look at my old hoss
Said: "That reminds me, phone the boss."
Horsie keep your tail up, horsie keep your tail up
Keep the sun out of my eyes.

HORSEY , KEEP YOUR TAIL UP

THE HORSE WITH THE HANSOM BEHIND.

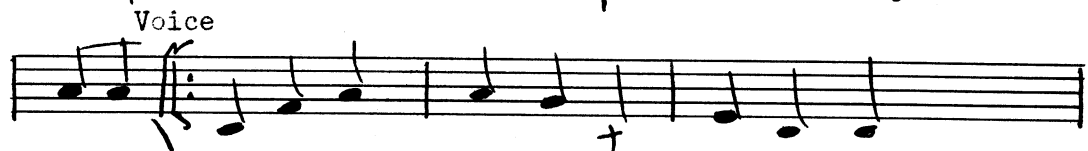
Oh the girl was a beauty but sad was her eye,
As the grand hansom carriage went dashingly by.
But I couldn't help seeing her eyes filled with brine
As she rode with the horse with the hansom behind.

Oh, the gellow beside her was agin and grey,
Yet he leaned up beside her and I heard him say
If you will but wed me if you will be mine
I will give you the horse with the hansom behind.

Though she was a proud beauty and still very young
And the man was a viper who should have been hung
I observed that she kissed him in a manner so fine
As they touched up the horse with the hansom behind.

Oh, she once had a mother who loved her so dear
And that darling old mother sheds many a tear
As she murmurs, "Be careful! sweet daughter of mine
Of the man with the horse with the hansom behind."

But the daughter was wayward - her footsteps did stray
From the straight narrow path and the innocent way
For her turbulent nature was always inclined
Toward the man with the hansom behind.

Now the damsel is old and the damsel is grey
She is wrinkled and tattered what more can I say
But here is a lesson I need not remind
Stay 'way from the horse with the hansom behind.

Oh, the long years have hurried the long years have gone
And I sit alone with my sad mournful song
Thought I never have met her I always will pine
For the girl with the horse with the hansom behind.

HORSE WITH THE HANSOM BEHIND

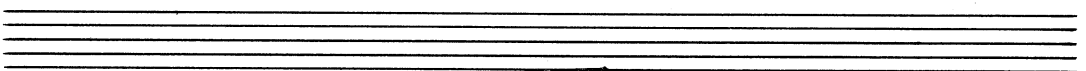
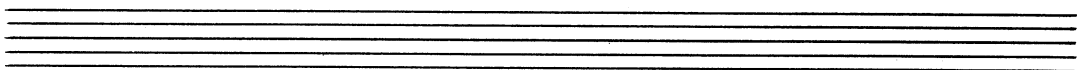
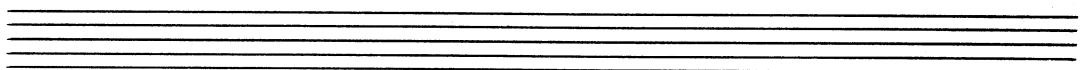
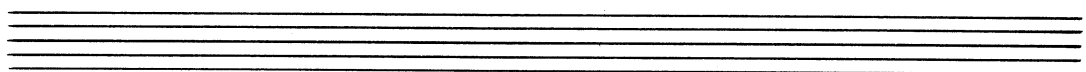
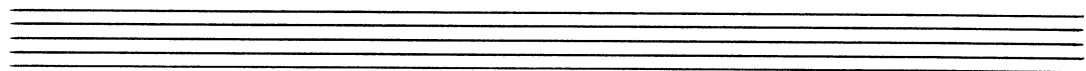
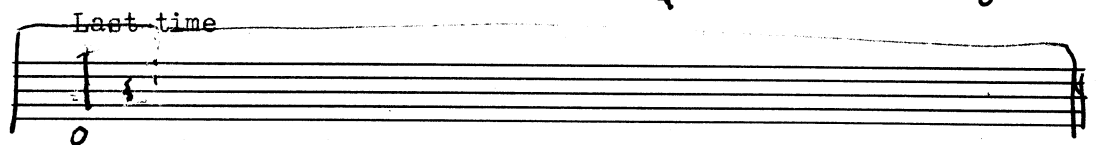
Intro

Voice

I etc

Last time

arroyo

2 - F0

ISLE OF CAPRI.

'Twas on the isle of Capri that I found her
Beneath the shade of an old walnut tree.
Oh, I can still see the clouds floating 'round her
When we met on the Isle of Capri.
She was as sweet as the rose in the dawning.
But somehow fate hadn't meant her for me
And tho' I sailed with the dawn in the morning
Still my heart's on the Isle of Capri.
Summertime was nearly over - Blue Italian skie above
I said: "Lady, I'm a rover, can you spare a sweet word of love?"
She whispered softly: "It's best not to linger,"
And as I kissed her sweet hand I could see
She wore a plain golden band on her finger
'Twas goodbye on the Isle of Capri.

crayon
Isle of Capri
Twas on a pile of debris that I found her, She was
plastered as plastered could be And you could smell gin for ten feet around her, When we
met on that pile of debris Oh I was tight but I know she was tighter, And we both
were as soused as could be On I was tired so I lay down beside her, When we
met on that terrible spree. I could hear the lady mutter As she softly shed a
tear This is my own private gutter What the hell are you doing here
But when the cops found us both in the morning, We were friends it was easy
to see, Hand in hand passed out cold in the dawning, Palsy walsies on that pile of
debris.

aragona

158

I'M KEEPING IT FOR YOU.

We know a musician, his name was Joe.

Got caught in the draft and had to go.

And as he took his mama to the train that night

Said: "Goodbye, baby, don't forget to write.

I can't take it with me, you know that's a fact,

So please keep it for me until I get back."

So pretty soon he got a note.

And this is what she wrote:

CHORUS.

I'm keeping it for you just as you left it

No one has touched it but you.

I'm keeping it covered - out of sight -

Just like you told me to.

Now a man came around and tried to take it last night

And to keep it for you, I had a terrible fight.

I'm keeping it for you just as you left it

No one has touched it but you --- I mean your liquor -

No one has touched it but you.

"I'm Keeping It For You"

F Fdim C7 F Fdim C7 F

C7 F C7 F C7 F F Fdim

C7 F Fdim C7 F B♭ D7 D7

G7 C7 F C7 F C7

F C7 F G7 C7 F7 F

B♭ B♭m C7 F C7 F D7 C7

F D7 C7 F

I HAVE A TOUGH TIME TELLING YOU FROM MY OLD GAL.

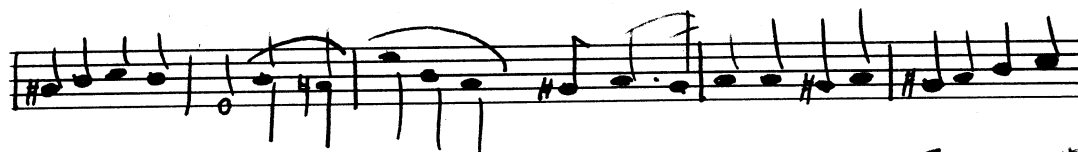
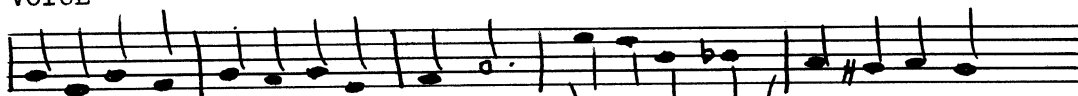
Verse.

I've seen people who resemble others
Many cases that I can't forget
I've seen strangers who look just like brothers
But, of all the people that I've met -----

Choruses.

I have a tough time telling you from my old gal
I have a tough time telling you from my old pal
She used to walk like you, she used to talk like you
When I'd break a date, or come late, she used to squawk like you
Although her lover was false, she was a real sweet soul.
In spite of all her faults, I loved her as a whole
She was cute kid, real class
And I went like a sailor for that shapely lass
I must admit that you're the dead spit of my Sal
I have a tough time telling you from my old gal.

I have a tough time telling you from my old gal
I have a tough time telling you from my old pal.
I can't forget the night we met, twas love at sight
Our affair began with a bang, and ended with a fight.
She had a skin like yours, the skin you love to touch
And if you touched it once, you loved it twice as much
She had the same for, same grace
Appendix operation in the same old place
I tell you what, you've got me in a spot, old pal
I have a tough time telling you from my old gal.

I HAVE A TOUGH TIME

ARAGON

I'M STUCK IN A STUCCO IN THE STICKS.

Verse.
Tillie said: I had ambitions to wed a millionaire
To travel and to have a lovely time.
But somehow my inhibitions got tabgled up somewhere
I'm married and I haven't got a dime.

Chorus.
You can't blame me if love's refrain
Seeped right into my simple brain.
But here's the reason I complain
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks
I dreamed of cocktails and hors D8ouvres.
Of Caviar and Frehch preserves
Now corn beef hash gets on my nerves
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.
I thought I'd have cars and chaufeurs
Pal around with wealthy loafers
But instead my pals are Gophers and wood ticks.
I thought I'd have easy pickin's
Steppin' out to raise the dickens
But I'm here among the chickens - and the Hicks.
I planned a life so wild and free
But now, that's just a memory
I'll have to raise a family
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.

I dreamed of champagne that would flow
The gan all singing "Hi-De-Ho."
Instead I hear the roosters crow
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.
I thought I'd hear the opera stars
And someone strumming soft quitars
Now frogs and crickets chant the bars
I'm stuck in a stucco in the sticks.
I would say, with voice so brittle
Fame and fortune I will whittle
When I show the folks my little bad of tricks.
But my big surprise came latér
I found my accelerator
Was a worn out incubator - full of chicks
I dreamed of someone mmm bending low
To kiss my hand but that ain't so
A Jersey cow's my Gigolo
I'm stuck in the sticks with the Hicks.

spoken: Hell I'm just stuck.

ARAGON

I'M STUCK IN A STUCCO IN THE STICKS

Intro

Verse

Chorus

Carl Fischer, Inc. New York.
No. 117 - 12 lines.
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

arvey[handwritten]

I Want my Rib

A long long time ago, as every one should know
While Adam slept beneath an apple tree,
The angels came they say and took one rib away
And made a woman of it for Adam's company.
I had an X-ray taken and the Doctor said to me,
That I had one rib missing in my anatomy.

Chorus.
I want my rib, I want my rib,
They stole it from me when I was a kid you see,
I'll bet she's grown up now and pretty as can be
I feel so sad, want my rib so bad
Now every girl I dance with says I'm fresh as I can be
But I'm only searching for the rib that belongs to me.
Bring back, bring back, bring back my lost rib to me.

I want my rib, I want my rib,
A flapper said to me, I think you're telling fibs
I caught you searching where there wasn't any rib.
Blonde or brunette, I will get you yet.
Now I'll keep right on searching till I find my rib somehow
And if I do I hope that I won't find it in a cow.
Bring back, bring back, bring back my lost rib to me.

I want my Rib
Aragon
A long long time ago, as every one should know. While Adam slept beneath an apple tree. The angels came,
they say and took one rib away And made a woman of it, for Adam's company I had an X-ray
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Chorus
I want my rib I want my rib. They stole it from me
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bad, want my rib so bad Now every girl I dance with says I'm fresh as I can
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I caught you searching where there wasn't any ribs.
Blonde or brunette, I will get you yet.
Now I'll keep right on searching till I find my rib somehow
And if I do I hope that I won't find it in a cow.
Bring back, bring back, bring back my lost rib to me.
Leaf No. 97M

IF YOU CAN'T GET FIVE, TAKE TWO

Verse-

Sa-die's got a little store, way down in Car-o-line;
Other stores are closing up, but Sadie's doin' fine,
Other girlies wonder how - she sells her merchandise,
When they ask her to explain - she gives them this advise;

Chorus

Go out and sell your fish, let 'em bargain if you wish,
And give ' em all a special sale on stew ;
Meat gets older ev'ry hour they won't buy it when it's sour,
If you can't get five, take two.

Chorus

Go out and sell your fish, let 'em bargain if you wish,
When Tuesday past and Friday's past, you're through;
Since you know they're gonna smell it, while its's
fresh you'd better sell it.

If you can't get five - take two.

Chorus-

Just make them understand, you want money in the hand,
Just guarantee your stuff is good as new,
You can let 'em see and feel it, just as long as they
don't steal it.
If you can't get five , take two.

Chorus

Show them everything you've got, make 'em buy it
while it's hot
Eaach day you must increase your revenue ,
Ev'ry customer who buys it , only helps to advertise it ,
If you can't get five, take two.

Chorus

You'll mot be in the red, if you learn to use your head ;
And do what all the clever salesmen do -
You must think of your position , you've got plenty
competition,
If you can't get five - take two.

ARAGON
If You Can't Get 5
Verse
C
G7
C
G7
C
C
G7
C
G
D7
G
C
G7
C
G
D7
G
Cho.
C
F
C
G7
C
C7
F
C
G7
C
G7
C
Leaf No. 97M

ARAGON

IF YOU CAN'T GET FIVE

Intro C G7 C G7 C

Verse C G7 C

G D7 G

C G7 C

G D7 G

CHORUS C F

C G7 C

C7 F C

G7 C C G7 C

Carl Fischer, Inc. New York.
No. 117 - 12 lines.
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

AMIE McPHERSON.

Have you ever heard the story of Amie McPherson,
Amie McPherson, that wonderful person?
She weighs one-eighty, her hair is red
And she preached a wicked sermon so the papers all said.

Amie built herself a radio station
To broadcast her preachin' all over the nation.
She found herself a man, who knew enough
To run the radio, while Amie did her stuff.

Amie held a meeting down at Ocean Park.
Preached from early mornin' 'till after dark.
Said the benediction, folded up her tent
And nobody knows where Amie went.

Amie's dissappearance was front page news,
And thousands of people started offering clues.
She returned next day, nobody knows how,
With a smile on her face like a contented cow.

Amie told her story to the district attorney.
Said she had been kidnapped on a lonesome journey;
Said she had been kidnapped on a lonesome trail.
And in spite of all the questions, Amie stuck to her tale.

They found a cottage down at Carmel-by the-Sea.
Where the liquor was expensive but the lovin' was free.
In the cottage was a stove and a breakfast nook,
And a folding bed, with a worn-out look.

They examined the stove and the breakfast nook.
They examined the bed with the worn-out look.
Slats were busted - springs were loose,
And the dents in the mattress fitted Amie's caboose.

Radio Ray is a goin' hound - he's goin' yet cause he aint been found.
They got his discrpition, but they got it too late.
'Cause since they last saw him, he has lost a lot of weight.

I'm gonna end my story in the usual way
About the lady preacher's holiday.
If you don't get the moral, then you're the one for me.
'Cause there's lots more cottages down at Carmel-by-the-sea.

Aroyo

"Amie McPherson"

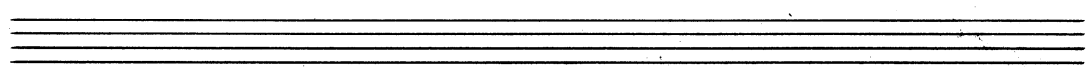
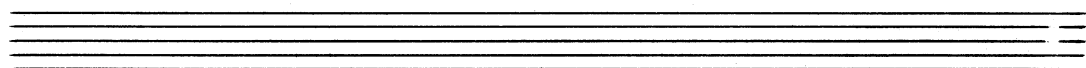
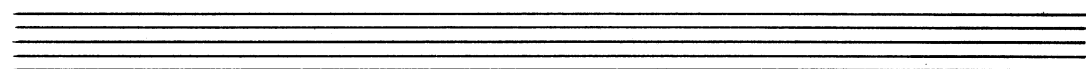
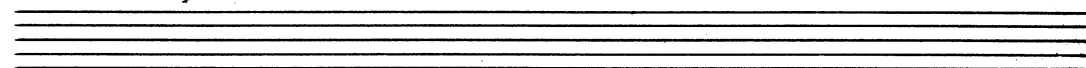
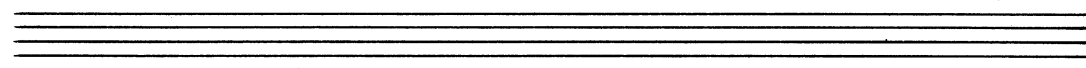
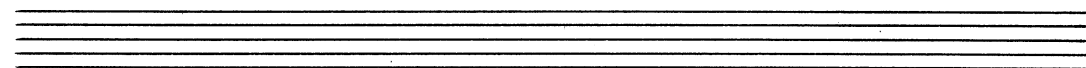
Em | Am Em B7 | Em B7

Em | Am Em | Am Em B7 | Em B7 Em

Am Em B7 | Em B7 Em

F R

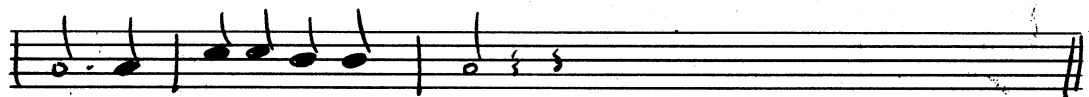
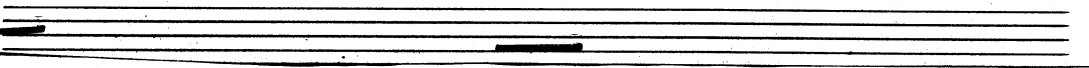
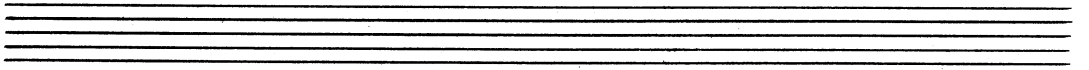
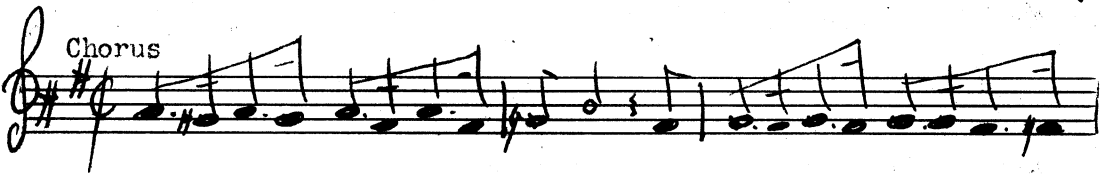
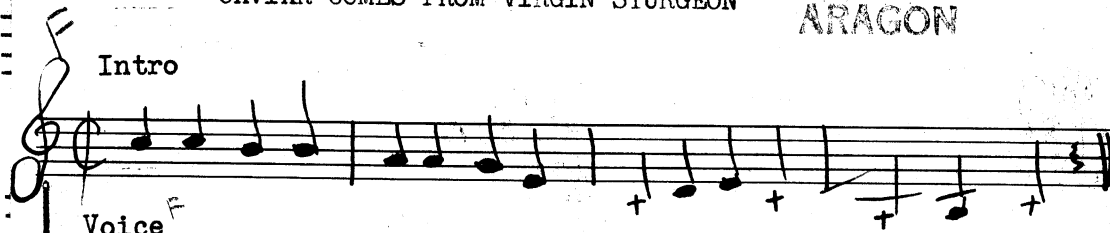
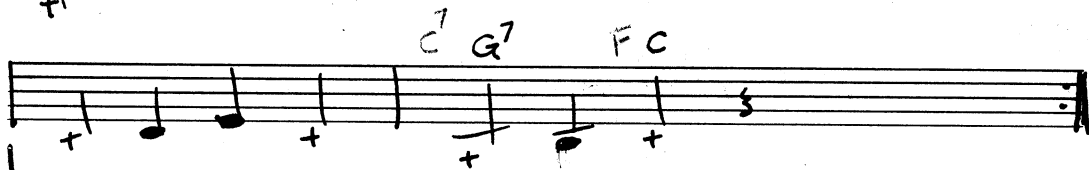
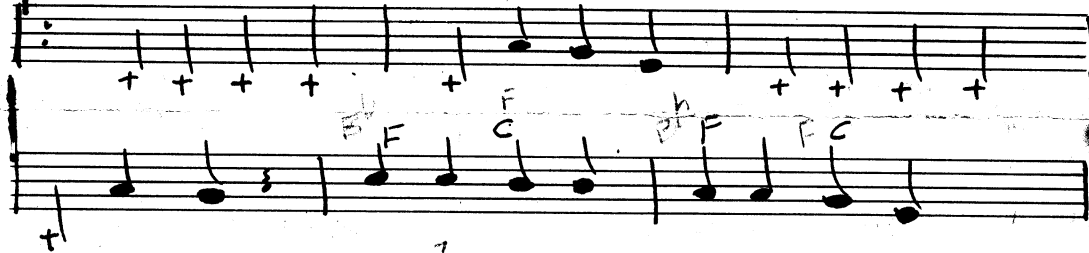
DIRTY GERTIE GLYNN

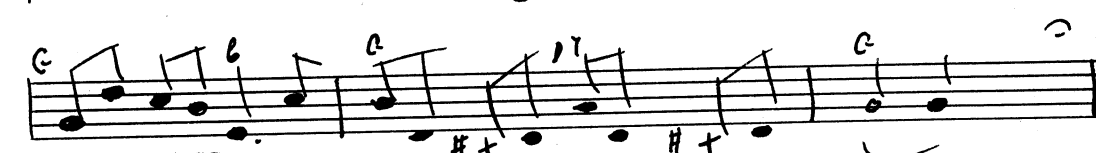
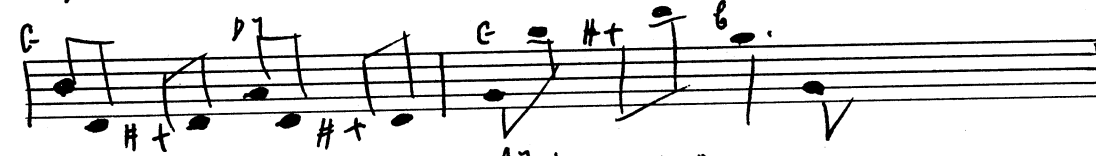
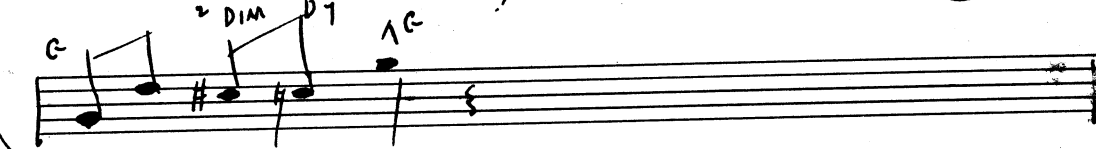
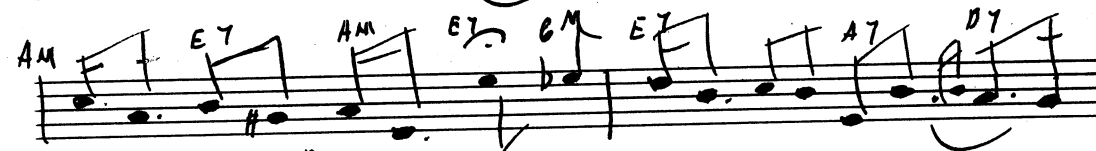
ARAGON

INTRO

VOICE

Chorus

Carl Fischer, Inc. New York.
No. 117 - 12 lines.

LET ME HAVE YOUR LITTLE HEINIE
ARAGON
Intro
Verse
Chorus

CAVIAR COMES FROM VIRGIN STURGEON
ARAGON
Intro
Voice
After each Verse .

DAPPER DAN - THE MUSTACHE SONG
ARAGON
Intro
Voice

ARAGON
HEAVEN WILL PROTECT
INTRO
VOICE
CHORUS

OH FOR GOODNESS SAKE- THE DENTAL SONG
ARAGON
INTRO
VOICE
Repeat
Spoken in rhythm
fin)
To Voice .

SOMETIME.

Sometime to every lonely one
Someone comes along.
Somewhere there is an only one
Singing love's old song.
The gray skies above you
Will change to fairest blue.
Sometime someone will whisper
"I love you, love you, too."

A SHANTY IN OLD SHANTY TOWN.

It's only a shanty in old shanty town
The roof is so slanty it touches the ground
Just a tumbled down shack by the old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion, is calling me back.
There's a queen waiting there with a slivery crown
In that shaty in old shanty town

I'd give up my palace if I were a king
For it's more than a palace, it's my everything.

4

MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish rose
My Wild Irish Rose
The dearest flower that grows
And someday for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish rose.

WHO'S HONEY ARE YOU?

Who's honey are you?
Who's tea do you sweeten?
Who's sugar and spice 'n everything nice
Depend on you?
Who's honey are you? Who's dream you completin'?
Who goes for those eyes like sugar plum pies?
Who's honey are you?
You've got a tiny little touch of heaven
In your finger tips
You've got all the rest of heaven
On your sugar coated lips.
Who's honna get you? Some "Sunday-go-to meetin'?
Who's little heart leaps 'n wants you for keeps?
Who's honey are you?